



*.Alchemist*

THE  
ALCHEMIST.

A  
COMEDY.

BY  
BEN JOHNSON.

With ALTERATIONS as performed at the Theatres.

——petere inde coronam,  
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.      LUCRET.

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. ROBERTSON.

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M,DCC,LXXIV.





## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,  
**H**is house in town, and left one servant there;  
**E**ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

**A** cheater, and his pack; who, now brought low,  
**L**eaving their narrow practice, were become  
**C**oz'ners at large; and only wanting some  
**H**ouse to set up, with him they here contract,  
**E**ach for a share, and all begin to act.  
**M**uch company they draw, and much abuse,  
**I**n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,  
**S**elling of flies, flat bawd'ry, with the stone;  
**T**ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

## P R O L O G U E.

**FORTUNE**, that favours fools, these two short hours  
 We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,  
 Judging spectators; and desire in place,  
 To the author Justice, to ourselves but Grace.  
 Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,  
 No country's mirth is better than our own:  
 No clime breeds better matter for your whore,  
 Bawd, 'squire, impostor, many persons more,  
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;  
 And which have still been subject for the rage  
 Or spleen of comic writers. Tho' this pen  
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men;  
 Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure  
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure.  
 But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,  
 And, in their working, gain and profit meet,  
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,  
 But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd:  
 For here he doth not fear who can apply,  
 If there be any that will sit so nigh  
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,  
 They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;  
 They are so natural follies, but so shewn,  
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

**Dramatis Personæ.**

**(DRURY-LANE, 1770.)**

|   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| <b>SUBTLE</b> , the Alchemist,              | <b>Mr BURTON.</b>    |
| <b>FACE</b> , the Housekeeper,              | <b>Mr PALMER.</b>    |
| <b>SIR EPICURE MAMMON</b> , Knight,         | <b>Mr LOVE.</b>      |
| <b>ABEL DRUGGER</b> , a Tobacco-man,        | <b>Mr GARRICK.</b>   |
| <b>SURLY</b> , a Gamester,                  | <b>Mr BADDELY.</b>   |
| <b>DAPPER</b> , a Clerk,                    | <b>Mr W. PALMER.</b> |
| <b>KASTRILL</b> , the angry Boy,            | <b>Mr J. BURTON.</b> |
| <b>LOVEWIT</b> , Master of the House,       | <b>Mr PACKER.</b>    |
| <b>TRIBULATION</b> , a Pastor of Amsterdam, | <b>Mr HARTRY.</b>    |
| <b>ANANIAS</b> , a Deacon there,            | <b>Mr PARSONS.</b>   |

|   |   |                      |
|---|---|----------------------|
| <b>DOL COMMON</b> , Colleague with Sub- | } | <b>Mrs HOPKINS.</b>  |
| tle and Face,                           |   |                      |
| <b>DAME PLIANT</b> , a Widow, Sister to | } | <b>Mrs JOHNSTON.</b> |
| the angry Boy,                          |   |                      |

Neighbours, Officers, &c.

**SCENE, L O N D O N.**

## A L C H E M I S T.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

FACE, SUBTLE, and DOL COMMON.

FACE.

**B**ELIEVE it, I will.*Sub.* Do thy worst. I dare thee.*Face.* Sirrah, I'll strip you out of all your sleights.*Dol.* Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you mad-men?*Sub.* O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks  
With good strong water, an' you come.*Dol.* Will you have  
The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?  
Hark! I hear some body.*Face.* Sirrah——*Sub.* I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach.

*Face.* You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,  
Dare you do this?*Sub.* Yes, faith, yes, faith.*Face.* Why, who

Am I, my mungrel? who am I?

*Sub.* I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself——

*Face.* Speak lower, rogue.*Sub.* Yes, you were once (time's not long pass'd) the  
good,Honest, plain, livery three-pound-thrum, that kept  
Your master's Worship's house here in the Friars,  
For the vacations——*Face.* Will you be so loud?*Sub.* Since, by my means, translated Suburb Captain.*Face.*



*Face.* By your means, doctor dog?

*Sub.* Within man's memory,  
All this I speak of.

*Face.* Why, I pray you, have I  
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?  
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

*Sub.* I do not hear well.

*Face.* Not of this, I think it :  
But I shall put you in mind, Sir ; at Pie Corner,  
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks stalls ;  
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk  
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn nose,  
And your complexion of the Roman wash,  
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,  
Like powder corn shot at th' Artillery-yard.

*Sub.* I wish you could advance your voice a little.

*Face.* When you went pinn'd up in the several rags  
You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day ;  
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes  
A felt of rug, and a thin thredde cloak,  
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks——

*Sub.* So, Sir !

*Face.* When all your *Alchymy*, and your *Algebra*,  
Your *minerals*, *vegetals*, and *animals*,  
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of trades,  
Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen  
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire ;  
I gave you count'nance, credit for your coals,  
Your stills, your glasses, your materials ;  
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,  
Advanc'd all your black arts ; lent you, beside,  
A house to practise in——

*Sub.* Your master's house ?

*Face.* Where you have studied the more thriving skill  
Of bawd'ry since.

*Sub.* Yes, in your master's house.  
You and the rats here kept possession.  
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep  
The butt'ry-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings ;  
Sell the dole-beer to *aqua-vita*-men,  
The which, together with your Christmas vails  
At *post and pair*, your letting out of counters,

Made



Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,  
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,  
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

*Face.* You might talk softer, rascal.

*Sub.* No, you Scarabe,  
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you  
How to beware to tempt a fury again,  
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

*Face.* The place has made you valiant.

*Sub.* No, your cloaths.

Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,  
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing  
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?  
Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'ring pots?

*Sublim'd* thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee

I' the *third region*, call'd our *state of grace*?

Wrought thee to *spirit*, to *quintessence*, with pains

Would twice have won me the *philosopher's work*?

Made thee a second in mine own great art?

And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the *projection*?

Would you be gone now?

*Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

*Sub.* Slave, thou hadst had no name——

*Dol.* Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

*Sub.* Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,  
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,  
Or an ale-house, darker than deaf John's; been lost  
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,  
Had not I been.

*Dol.* Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

*Face.* Sirrah——

*Dol.* Nay, general, I thought you were civil——

*Face.* I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

*Sub.* And hang thyself, I care not.

*Face.* Hang thee, collier,

And all thy pots and pans, in picture, I will,  
Since thou hast mov'd me——

*Dol.* (O, this 'll o'erthrow all. )

*Face.* Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks  
Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings,

Searching

Searching for things lost with a sieve and sheers,  
 Erecting *figures* in your rows of houses,  
 And taking in of shadows with a glass,  
 Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,  
 Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

*Dol.* Are you found?

Ha' you your senses, masters?

*Face.* I will have

A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,  
 Shall prove a true *philosopher's stone*, to printers.

*Sub.* Away, you trencher rascal.

*Face.* Out, you dog-leech,

The vomit of all prisons——

*Dol.* Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen?

*Sub.* Cheater.

*Face.* Bawd.

*Sub.* Cow-herd.

*Face.* Conjurer.

*Sub.* Cut-purse.

*Dol.* We are ruined! lost! Ha' you no more regard  
 To your reputations? Where's your judgment? Slight,  
 Have yet some care of me, o' your republic——

*Face.* Away, this brach. I'll bring the rogue within  
 The statute of Sorcery, *tricesimo tertio*  
 Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and, perhaps, thy neck  
 Within a noose, for laund'ring gold, and barbing it.

*Dol.* You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will  
 you?

[*She catches out Face's sword, and breaks Subtle's glass.*  
 And you, Sir, with your *menstrue*, gather it up.  
 'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,  
 Leave off your barking, and grow one again,  
 Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.  
 I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,  
 For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.  
 Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,  
 And all the world? and shall it now be said,  
 You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?  
 You will accuse him? You will bring him in  
 Within the statute? Who shall take your word!  
 A whoreson, upstart, *apocryphal* captain,

Whom not a puritan in Black Friars will trust  
So much as for a feather ! and you, too,  
Will give the cause, forsooth ? You will insult,  
And claim a primacy in the divisions ?  
You must be chief ? As if you only had  
The powder to project with, and the work  
Were not begun out of equality ?  
The venture *tripartite* ? All things in common ?  
Without priority ?

*Face.* It is his fault,  
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,  
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

*Sub.* Why, so it does.

*Dol.* How does it ? Do not we sustain our parts ?

*Sub.* Yes ; but they are not equal.

*Dol.* Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope  
Ours may to-morrow match it.

*Sub.* Ay, they may.

*Dol.* May, murmuring mastiff ! Ay, and do. Death  
on me !

Help me to throttle him.

*Sub.* Dorothy, Mistress Dorothy,  
'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean ?

*Dol.* Because o' your *fermentation* and *cibation*——

*Sub.* Not I, by heaven——

*Dol.* Your *Sol* and *Luna*——help me.

*Sub.* Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.

*Dol.* Will you, Sir ? Do so then, and quickly : swear.

*Sub.* What shall I swear ?

*Dol.* To leave your faction, Sir,  
And labour kindly in the common work.

*Sub.* Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.  
I only us'd those speeches as a spur  
To him.

*Dol.* I hope we need no spurs, Sir. Do we ?

*Face.* 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

*Sub.* Agreed.

*Dol.* Yes, and work close, and friendly.

*Sub.* 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.

*Dol.* Why, so, my good baboons ! shall we go make

A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,  
 (That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in)  
 A feast of laughter at our follies? No, agree.  
 And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,  
 In his old velvet jerkin,  
 (My noble sovereign, and worthy general)  
 Ere we contribute a new cruel garter  
 To his worsted worship.

*Sub.* Royal Dol!

Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

*Face.* For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,  
 And not be stil'd Dol Common, but *Dol Proper*,  
*Dol Singular*: The longest cut, at night,  
 Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*. [One knocks.]

*Sub.* Who's that? [knocks.] To the window.

Pray heav'n,

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

*Face.* O, fear not him. While there dies one a week  
 O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London.  
 Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now:  
 I had a letter from him. If he do,  
 He'll send such word, for airing o' the house,  
 As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:  
 Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

*Sub.* Who is it, Dol?

*Dol.* A fine young quodling.

*Face.* O,

My lawyer's clerk I lighted on last night  
 In Holborn at the Dagger. He would have  
 (I told you of him) a familiar,  
 To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

*Dol.* O, let him in.

*Face.* Get you

Your robes on; I will meet him, as going out.

*Dol.* And what shall I do?

*Face.* Not be seen. Away.

Seem you very reserv'd.

*Sub.* Enough.

*Face.* God be with you, Sir.

I pray you let him know that I was here.

His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but—

S C E N E



SCENE II.

DAPPER, FACE, SUBTLE.

*Dap.* Captain, I am here.

*Sub.* Who's that?

*Face.* He's come, I think, doctor.

Good faith, Sir, I was going away.

*Dap.* In truth,

I am very sorry, captain.

*Face.* But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

*Dap.* Ay, I am very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make,

And I had lent my watch last night to one

That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd

Of my pass-time? Is this the cunning-man?

*Face.* This is his worship.

*Dap.* Is he a doctor?

*Face.* Yes.

*Dap.* And ha' you broke with him, captain?

*Face.* Ay.

*Dap.* And how?

*Face.* Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,  
I know not what to say—

*Dap.* Not so, good captain.

*Face.* Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

*Dap.* Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should you  
wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

*Face.* I cannot think you will, Sir. But the law  
Is such a thing—And then he says, Read's matter  
Falling so lately—

*Dap.* Read! he was an ass,  
And dealt, Sir, with a fool.

*Face.* It was a clerk, Sir.

*Dap.* A clerk!

*Face.* Nay, hear me, Sir; you know the law  
Better, I think—

*Dap.* I should, Sir, and the danger.  
You know, I shew'd the statute to you?

*Face.* You did so.

A 2

*Dap.*



*Dap.* And will I tell then? By this hand of flesh,  
Would it might never write good court-hand more,  
If I discover. What do you think of me,  
That I am a Chiause?

*Face.* What's that?

*Dap.* The Turk was, here——  
As one would say, Do you think I am a Turk?

*Face.* I'll tell the doctor so.

*Dap.* Do, good sweet captain.

*Face.* Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;  
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.

*Sub.* Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.  
I would do much, Sir, for your love——but this  
I neither may, nor can.

*Face.* Tut, do not say so.  
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,  
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no Chiause:  
Let that, Sir, move you.

*Sub.* Pray you, forbear——

*Face.* He has  
Four angels here——

*Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

*Face.* Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these  
spirits!

*Sub.* To tempt my art, and love, Sir, to my peril.  
'Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,  
That so would draw me to apparent danger.

*Face.* I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter;  
You, and your flies together.

*Dap.* Nay, good captain.

*Face.* That know no difference of men.

*Sub.* Good words, Sir.

*Face.* Good deeds, Sir, doctor dog's meat.

*Dap.* Nay, dear captain,  
Use master doctor with some more respect.

*Face.* Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet  
head.

But for your sake I'd choke, ere I would change  
An article of breath with such a puckfoist——  
Come, let's be gone.

*Sub.* Pray you, let me speak with you.

*Dap.* His worship calls you, captain.

*Face.*

*Face.* I am sorry  
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

*Dap.* Nay, good Sir, he did call you.

*Face.* Will he take then?

*Sub.* First hear me——

*Face.* Not a syllable, 'less you take.

*Sub.* Pray ye, Sir——

*Face.* Upon no terms, but an *assumptif*.

*Sub.* Your humour must be law. [*He takes money.*]

*Face.* Why now, Sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.

So may this gentleman too.

*Sub.* Why, Sir.

*Face.* No whispering.

*Sub.* 'Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss  
You do yourself in this.

*Face.* Wherein? for what?

*Sub.* Marry, to be so importunate for one,  
That, when he has it, will undo you all!  
He'll win up all the money i' the town.

*Face.* How!

*Sub.* Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,  
As they do crackers in a puppet play.  
If I do give him a familiar,  
Give you him all you play for; never set him;  
For he will have it.

*Face.* You are mistaken, doctor.  
Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,  
A riding fly; none o' your great familiars.

*Dap.* Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

*Sub.* I told you so.

*Face.* 'Slight, that's a new business!  
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly  
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,  
When you had left the office, for a nag  
Of forty or fifty shillings.

*Dap.* Ay, 'tis true, Sir;  
But I do think now I shall leave the law,  
And therefore.—

*Face.* Why, this changes quite the case!  
Do you think that I dare move him?

*Dap.* If you please, Sir;

All's one to him, I see.

*Face.* What! for that money?

I cannot with my conscience: nor should you  
Make the request, methinks.

*Dap.* No, Sir, I mean  
To add consideration.

*Face.* Why, then, Sir,  
I'll try. Say that it were for all games, doctor?

*Sub.* I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him  
At any ordinary, but o' the score,  
'This is a gaming mouth, conceive me.

*Face.* Indeed!

*Sub.* He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,  
If it be set him.

*Face.* Speak you this from art?

*Sub.* Ay, Sir; and reason too, the ground of art.  
He is o' the only best complexion  
The Queen of Fairy loves.

*Face.* What! is he?

*Sub.* Peace!

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him——

*Face.* What?

*Sub.* Do not you tell him.

*Face.* Will he win at cards too?

*Sub.* The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,  
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck  
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put  
Six o' your gallants to a cloak, indeed.

*Face.* A strange success, that some men shall be born  
to!

*Sub.* He hears you, man——

*Dap.* Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.

*Face.* Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:  
You hear, he says he will not be ungrateful.

*Sub.* Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

*Face.* Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and  
make him.

He may make us both happy in an hour;  
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

*Dap.* Believe it, and I will, Sir.

*Face.* And you shall, Sir.  
You have heard all?

*Dap.*

*Dap.* No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

*Face.* Nothing!

[*Face takes him aside.*]

*Dap.* A little, Sir.

*Face.* Well, a rare star  
Reign'd at your birth.

*Dap.* At mine, Sir? No!

*Face.* The doctor

Swears that you are——

*Sub.* Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

*Face.* Allied to the Queen of Fairy!

*Dap.* Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter——

*Face.* Yes; and that

You were born with a caul o' your head.

*Dap.* Who says so?

*Face.* Come;

You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

*Dap.* I-fac, I do not: you are mistaken.

*Face.* How?

Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known

Unto the doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you

I' th' other matter? Can we ever think,

When you have won five or six thousand pound,

You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

*Dap.* By Jove, Sir,

I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.

I-fac's no oath.

*Sub.* No, no; he did but jest.

*Face.* Go to. Go thank the doctor: he's your friend,  
To take it so.

*Dap.* I thank his worship.

*Face.* So:

Another angel.

*Dap.* Must I?

*Face.* Must you! 'sight,

What else is thanks? Will you be trivial! Doctor,

When must he come for his *familiar*?

*Dap.* Shall I not ha' it with me?

*Sub.* O, good Sir!

There must be a world of ceremonies pass;

You must be bath'd and fumigated first:

Besides,



Besides, the Queen of Fairy does not rise  
Till it be noon.

*Face.* Not, if she danc'd, to-night.

*Sub.* And she must bleis it.

*Face.* Did you never see  
Her Royal Grace yet?

*Dap.* Whom?

*Face.* Your aunt of Fairy?

*Sub.* Not since she kiss'd him in the cradle, captain;  
I can resolve you that.

*Face.* Well, see her Grace,  
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.  
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but,  
However, see her. You are made, believe it,  
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,  
And very rich; and if she take a phant'sy,  
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.  
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!  
It is the doctor's fear.

*Dap.* How will't be done then?

*Face.* Let me alone; take you no thought. Do you  
But say to me, captain, I'll see her Grace.

*Dap.* Captain, I'll see her Grace.

*Face.* Enough.

*Sub.* Who's there? *[One knocks without.]*

Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way)  
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself:  
Till when you must be fasting; only take  
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,  
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;  
Then bathe your fingers ends, and wash your eyes,  
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*  
Thrice, and then *buz* as often; and then come.

*Face.* Can you remember this?

*Dap.* I warrant you.

*Face.* Well, then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing  
Some twenty nobles 'mong her Grace's servants,  
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know  
What grace her Grace may do you in clean linen.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

*Enter DRUGGER.*

*Sub.* Come in : (Good wives, I pray you, forbear me now :

Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon.)

What is your name, say you ! Abel Drugger !

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* A feller of tobacco ?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* Umh !

Free of the grocers ?

*Drug.* Ay, an't please you.

*Sub.* Well——

Your business, Abel ?

*Drug.* This, an't please your worship :  
I am a young beginner, and am building  
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just  
At corner of a street (here is the plot on't) :  
And I would know by art, Sir, of your worship,  
Which way I should make my door, by *necromancy*,  
And where my shelves ; and which should be for boxes,  
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir ;  
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,  
One Captain Face, that says you know mens *planets*,  
And their good angels, and their bad.

*Sub.* I do,

If I do see 'em——

*Face.* What ! my honest Abel ?

Thou art well met here.

*Drug.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking,  
Just as your worship came here, of your worship.  
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

*Face.* He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear ?  
This is my friend Abel, an honest fellow ;  
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

*Sub.* He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on——

*Face.* Already, Sir ; ha' you found it ? Lo' thee, Abel !

*Sub.* And in right way towards riches——

*Face.* Sir !

*Sub.* This summer

He

He will be of the clothing of his company,  
And next spring call'd to the scarlet, spend what he can.

*Face.* What, and so little beard?

*Sub.* You must think,

He may have a receipt to make hair come :  
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't ;  
His fortune looks for him another way.

*Face.* 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon ?  
I am amaz'd at that !

*Sub.* By a rule, captain,  
In *metaposcopia*, which I do work by ;  
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.  
Your chesnut, or your olive-colour'd face  
Does never fail : and your long ear doth promise.  
I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,  
And on the nail of his *mercurial* finger.

*Face.* Which finger's that ?

*Sub.* His little finger. Look,  
You were born upon a Wednesday ?

*Drug.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

*Sub.* The thumb in *chiromancy*, we give *Venus* ;  
The fore-finger, to *Jove* ; the midst, to *Saturn* ;  
The ring, to *Sol* ; the least, to *Mercury* ;  
Who was the lord, Sir, of his *horoscope*,  
His *house of life* being *Libra* ; which foreshew'd  
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

*Face.* Why, this is strange ? Is't not, honest Nab ?

*Sub.* There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,  
That shall yield him such a commodity  
Of drugs——This is the west, and this is the south ?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* And those are your two sides ?

*Drug.* Ay, Sir.

*Sub.* Make me your door, then, south ; your broad-  
side, west :

And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft,  
Write *mathlai*, *tarmael*, and *baraborat* :  
Upon the north part, *rael*, *velel*, *thiel*.  
They are the names of those *mercurial* spirits,  
That do fright flies from boxes.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.*

*Sub.* And  
Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone  
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs : the rest,  
They'll seem to follow.

*Face.* That's a secret, Nab !

*Sub.* And, on your stall, a puppet with a vice,  
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.  
You shall deal much with minerals.

*Drug.* Sir, I have  
At home already—

*Sub.* Ay, I know you have *Arsnike*,  
*Vitriol*, *Salt-tartre*, *Argale*, *Alkaly*,  
*Cinoper* : I know all. This fellow, captain,  
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,  
And give a 'say (I will not say directly,  
But very fair) at the *philosopher's stone*.

*Face.* Why, how now, Abel ! is this true ?

*Drug.* Good captain,  
What must I give ?

*Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.  
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says spend what thou canst)  
Th' art like to come to.

*Drug.* I wou'd gi' him a crown.

*Face.* A crown ! and towards such a fortune ? heart,  
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee ?

*Drug.* Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half year.

*Face.* Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight, there was such an offer,  
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee ;  
Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears  
He will appear more grateful, as your skill  
Does raise him in the world.

*Drug.* I would intreat  
Another favour of his worship.

*Face.* What is't, Nab ?

*Drug.* But, to look over, Sir, my almanack,  
And cros out my ill days, that I may neither  
Bargain, nor trust upon them.

*Face.* That he shall, Nab.  
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

*Sub.* And a direction for his shelves.

*Face.* Now, Nab !  
Art thou well pleas'd, Nab ?

*Drug.*

*Drug.* Thank, Sir, both your worships.

[*Exit.*

*Face.* Away.

Why, now you smoaky persecutor of nature!  
Now do you see, that something's to be done,  
Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,  
Your croslets, crucibles, and cucurbites!  
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on!  
And yet, you think, I am at no expence  
In searching out these veins, then following 'em,  
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence  
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to  
In these rare works.

*Sub.* You are pleasant, Sir.—How now?

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Dol.*

*Face.* What says my dainty Dolkin?

*Dol.* Yonder fish-wife

Will not away. And there's your giantess,  
The bawd of Lambeth.

*Sub.* Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

*Dol.* Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a voice,  
Thro' the trunk, like one of your *familiars*.  
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon.

*Sub.* Where?

*Dol.* Coming along, at far end of the lane,  
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,  
To one that's with him.

*Sub.* Face, go you. and shift.

Dol, you must presently make ready, too——

*Dol.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sub.* O, I did look for him

With the sun's rising: marvel, he could sleep!  
This is the day I am to perfect for him  
The *magisterium*, our great work, the stone:  
And yield it, made into his hands: of which,  
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd,  
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.  
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,  
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,  
Reaching his dose, walking Moortfields for lepers,



Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young;  
 And the highways, for beggars, to make rich:  
 I see no end of my labours. He will make  
 Nature ashamed of her long sleep: when art,  
 Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she.

He's, in belief of chymistry, so bold,  
 If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

MAMMON, SURLY.

MAMMON.

COME on, Sir. Now you set your foot on shore  
 In *novo orbe*; here's the rich Peru:  
 And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,  
 Great Solomon's Ophir! He was failing to't  
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.  
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,  
 I will pronounce the happy word, *be rich*.

This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.

And have you punques, and punquettees, my Surly,  
 And unto thee, I speak it first, *be rich*.—Face,  
 Where is my Subtle, there?—Within, ho!

*Face within.*] Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

*Mam.* That's his fire-drake.

His *Lungs*, his *Zephirus*, he that puffs his coals,  
 Till he firke nature up, in her own center.

You are doubtful, Sir. This night, I'll change  
 All that is metal, in my house, to gold.

And, early in the morning, will I send  
 To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,  
 And buy their tin, and lead up: and to Lothbury,  
 For all the copper.

*Sur.* What, and turn that too?

*Mam.* Yes; and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,  
 And make them perfect Indies!—You admire now?

*Sur.* No, faith.

*Mam.* But when you see the effects of the great medicine,  
 You will believe me.

*Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.

B

*Mam.*



*Mam.* Why!

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,  
He that has once the *flower of the sun*,  
The perfect *ruby*, which we call *elixir*,  
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,  
I'll make an old man, of fourscore, a child.

*Sur.* No doubt, he's that already.

*Mam.* Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,  
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,  
Become stout Marfles, and beget young Cupids.

*Sur.* The decay'd *vestals* of Drury-Lane would thank  
you,

That keep the fire alive, there.

*Mam.* 'Tis the secret

Of nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,  
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;  
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;  
And, of what age soever, in a month.  
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.  
You're still incredulous.

*Sur.* Faith I have a humour,  
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *stone*  
Cannot transmute me.

*Mam.* Surly,

Will you believe antiquity? Records?  
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,  
And Solomon, have written of the art;  
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.

*Sur.* How!

*Mam.* O' the *philosopher's stone*, and in high Dutch.

*Sur.* Did Adam write, Sir, in high Dutch?

*Mam.* He did.

Which proves it was the primitive tongue. How now?

## S C E N E II.

*Enter FACE.*

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

*Face*

*Face.* The evening will set red upon you, Sir :  
You have colour for it, crimson : the red *ferment*  
Has done his office ; three hours hence, prepare you  
To see projection.

*Mam.* My Surly,  
Again, I say to thee, aloud, *be rich.*  
This day, thou shalt have ingots : and, to-morrow,  
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephirus, right ?  
Blushes the Bolt's-head ?

*Face.* Like a wench with child, Sir,  
That were, but now, discover'd to her master.

*Mam.* Excellent witty, Lungs ! My only care is,  
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on.  
This town will not half serve me.

*Face.* No, Sir ? Buy  
The covering off o' churches.

*Mam.* That's true.

*Face.* Yes,  
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory.  
Or cap 'em new with shingles.

*Mam.* No, good thatch :  
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.  
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace ;  
I will restore thee thy complexion, Pusse,  
Lost in the embers ; and repair this brain,  
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

*Face.* I have blown, Sir,  
Hard for your worship ; these blear'd eyes  
Have wak'd, to read you're several colours, Sir ;  
Of the *pale citron*, the *green lion*, the *crow*,  
The *peacock's tail*, the *plumed swan*.

*Mam.* And, lastly ;  
Thou hast descry'd the *flower*.

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* Where's master ?

*Face.* At's prayers, Sir ; he,  
Good man, he's doing his devotions,  
For the success.

*Mam.* Lungs, I will set a period  
To all thy labours : Thou shalt be the master  
Of my Seraglio.

*Face.* Good, Sir.

*Mam.* But, do you hear?  
I'll geld you, Lungs.

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* For I do mean  
To have a list of wives and concubines,  
Equal with Solomon, who had the *stone*  
Alike with me: and I will make me a back  
With the *elixir*, that shall be as tough  
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a-night.  
Th'art sure thou saw'st it, *blood*?

*Face.* Both *blood* and *spirit*, Sir.

*Mam.* I will have all my beds blown up; not stuff'd;  
Down is too hard.

(Is it arriv'd at Ruby?)——Where I spy  
A wealthy citizen, or a rich lawyer,  
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow  
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.

*Face.* And shall I carry it?

*Mam.* No, I'll ha' no bawds,  
But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,  
Best of all others. And my flatterers  
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines  
That I can get for money. My meet fools,  
Eloquent burgessees.

We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the *med'cine*.  
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells.  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.  
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd falmons,  
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have  
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of fallads;  
Oil'd mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps  
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;  
For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,  
Go forth, and be a knight.

*Face.* Sir, I'll go look  
A little, how it heightens.

[Exit.

*Mam.* Do. My shirts  
I'll have of taffata-larsnet, soft and light  
As cob-webs, and for all my other raiment,  
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,  
Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My

My gloves of fishes and birds-skins, perfum'd  
With gums of *Paradise*, and eastern air——

*Sur.* And do you think to have the *stone*, with this?

*Mam.* No, I do think t' have all this, with the *stone*.

*Sur.* Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,  
A pious, holy, and religious man,  
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin——

*Mam.* That makes it, Sir; he is so. But I buy it.  
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,  
A notable, superstitious, good soul,  
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,  
With prayer and fasting for it: and, Sir, let him  
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.  
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'Tis poison.

*Enter SUTLE.*

*Mam.* Good-morrow, father.

*Sub.* Gentle son, good-morrow.  
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?

*Mam.* An heretick that I did bring along,  
In hope, Sir, to convert him.

*Sub.* Son, I doubt  
Yo' are covetous, that thus you meet your time  
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.  
This argues something, worthy of a fear  
Of importune, and carnal appetite;  
Take heed, do you not cause the blessing to leave you,  
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry  
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,  
Got by long watching, and large patience,  
Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath plac'd 'em.  
Which, in all my ends,  
Have look'd no way, but unto public good.  
To pious uses, and dear charity,  
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein,  
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,  
And, to your own particular lusts, employ  
So great and catholick a blifs, be sure,  
A curse will follow; yea, and overtake  
Your subtle and most secret ways.

*Mam.* I know, Sir.  
You shall not need to fear me. I but come,



To ha' you to confute this gentleman.

*Sur.* Who is,  
Indeed, Sir, somewhat canstive of belief  
Toward your stone: would not be gull'd.

*Sub.* Well, son,  
All that I can convince him in, is this,  
The work is done: bright Sol is in his robe.  
We have a med'cine of the triple soul,  
Thanks be to heaven,  
And make us worthy of it. Ulen!

*Face within.]* Anon, Sir.

*Sub.* Look well to the register,  
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,  
To the *Aludels*.

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* Did you look  
O' the *bolt's* head yet?

*Face.* Which, on *D.* Sir?

*Sub.* Ay.  
What's the complexion?

*Face.* Whitish.

*Sub.* Infuse vinegar  
To draw his *volatile substance*, and his *tincture*:  
And let the water in *glass E.* be *feltred*,  
And put into the *gripe's* egg. Lute him well;  
And leave him clos'd in *balneo*.

*Face.* I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Sur.* What a brave language here is? next to canting?

*Sub.* I have another work, you never saw, son,  
That three days since pass'd the *philosopher's wheel*,  
In the lent heat of *Athamor*; and's become  
*Sulphur o' nature*.

*Mam.* But is't for me?

*Sub.* What need you?  
You have enough in that is perfect.

*Mam.* O, but—

*Sub.* Why, this is covetous!

*Mam.* No, I assure you,  
I shall employ it all in pious uses,  
Founding of colleges and grammar-schools,  
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,  
And now and then a church.

*Enter*

Enter FACE.

Sub. How now?

Face. Sir, please you,  
Shall I not change the *feltre*?

Sub. Marry, yes,  
And bring me the complexion of *glass B*. [Exit FACE.

Mam. Ha' you another!

Sub. Yes, son; were I assur'd  
Your piety were firm, we would not want  
The means to glorify it. But I hope the best:  
I mean to tinct *C*. in *sand-beat*, to-morrow,  
And give him *imbition*.

Mam. Of white oil?

Sub. No, Sir, of red. *F*. is come over the *helm* too,  
In *St Mary's bath*, and shews *lac virginis*.  
I sent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd*.  
Out of that *calx*, I ha' won the *salt of Mercury*.

Mam. By pouring on your *rectified water*?

Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athamor*.  
How now? What colour says it?

Enter FACE.

Face. The ground black, Sir.

Mam. That's your *Crow's head*.

Sur. Your *coxcomb's*, is't not?

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *crow*.  
That work wants something.

Sur. (O, I look'd for this.  
The hay's a pitching.)

Sub. Are you sure you loos'd 'em  
I' their own *menstrue*?

Face. Yes, Sir, and then married 'em,  
And put them in a *bolt's head*, nipp'd to *digestion*,  
According as you bade me, when I set  
The *liquor of Mars* to *circulation*,  
In the same heat.

Sub. The process then was right.

Face. Yes, by the token, Sir, the *retort* brake,  
And what was sav'd was put into the *pellicane*,  
And sign'd with *Hermes' seal*.

Sub. I think 'twas so.

We

We should have a new *amalgama*.

*Sur.* O, this ferret  
Is rank as any pole-cat.

*Sub.* But I care not.  
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,  
In *Embrion*. *H.* has his *white shirt* on?

*Face.* Yes, Sir.  
He's ripe for *inceration*: he stands warm,  
In his *ash fire*. I would not, you should let  
Any die now, if I might counsel, Sir,  
For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

*Mam.* He says right.

*Sur.* Ay, are you bolted?

*Face.* Nay, I know't, Sir;  
I've seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces  
Of fresh *materials*?

*Mam.* Is't no more?

*Face.* No more, Sir,  
Of gold, t' *amalgame*, with some six of *mercury*.

*Mam.* Away; here's money. What will serve?

*Face.* Ask him, Sir.

*Mam.* How much?

*Sub.* Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.

*Sur.* Yes: twenty, and be cozen'd; do.

*Mam.* There 'tis.

*Sub.* This needs not. But that you will have it so,  
To see conclusions of all, for two  
Of our inferior works are at *fixation*;  
A third is in *ascension*. Go your ways.  
Ha' you set the oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* And the *philosopher's vinegar*?

*Face.* Ay.

[Exit.

*Sur.* We shall have a fallad.

*Mam.* When do you make *projection*?

*Sub.* Son, be not hasty. I *exalt* our *med'cine*,  
By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*,  
And giving him solution, then *congeal* him,  
And then dissolve him, then again *congeal* him:  
For look, how oft I iterate the work,  
So many times I add unto his virtue.  
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,

Your

Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

*Mam.* Not those of iron?

*Sub.* Yes; you may bring them too.

We'll change all metals.

*Sur.* I believe you in that.

*Mam.* Then I may send my spits?

*Sub.* Yes, and your racks.

*Sur.* And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks:  
Shall he not?

*Sub.* If he please.

*Sur.* To be an ass.

*Sub.* How, Sir?

*Mam.* This gent'man you must bear withal!  
I told you he had no faith.

*Sur.* And little hope, Sir;  
But much less charity, should I gull myself.

*Sub.* Why, what have you observ'd, Sir, in our art,  
Seems so impossible?

*Sur.* But your whole work, no more.  
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, Sir,  
As they do eggs in Egypt!

*Sub.* Sir, do you  
Believe that eggs are hatched so?

*Sur.* If I should?

*Sub.* Why, I think that the greater miracle.  
No egg but differs from a chicken more  
Than metals in themselves.

*Sur.* That cannot be.  
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,  
And is a chicken in *potentia*.

*Sub.* The same we say of lead, and other metals,  
Which would be gold, if they had time.

*Mam.* And that  
Our art doth further.

*Sub.* Ay, for 'twere absurd  
To think that nature, in the earth-bred gold,  
Perfect i' the instant. Something went before.  
There must be remote matter.

*Sur.* Ay, what is that?

*Enter*



*Enter DOLL.*

*Sub.* Marry, we say—  
God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good lady,  
Let me intreat you. Where's this varlet?

*Enter FACE.*

*Face.* Sir?

*Sub.* You very knave! do you use me thus?

*Face.* Wherein, Sir?

*Sub.* Go in, and see, you traitor. Go. [*Exit Face.*

*Mam.* Who is it, Sir?

*Sub.* Nothing, Sir; nothing.

*Mam.* What's the matter, good Sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd? Who is't?

*Sub.* All arts have still had, Sir, their *adversaries*;

But ours the *most ignorant*. What now? [*Face returns.*

*Face.* 'Twas not my fault, Sir; she would speak with  
you.

*Sub.* Would she, Sir; follow me.

*Mam.* Stay, Lungs,

*Face.* I dare not, Sir.

*Mam.* How! Pray thee stay.

*Face.* She's mad, Sir, and sent hither—

*Mam.* Stay man, what is she!

*Face.* A lord's sister, Sir.

He'll be mad too.

*Mam.* I warrant thee.

Why sent hither?

*Face.* Sir, to be cur'd.

*Sur.* Why, rascal?

*Face.* Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*

*Mam.* 'Fore heaven, a *Bradamante*, a brave piece.

*Sur.* 'Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.

*Mam.* O, by this light, no; do not wrong him. He's  
Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician; do him right;

An excellent *Paracelsian*, and has done

Strange cures with *mineral physic*. He deals all

With spirits, he. He will not hear a word

Of *Galen* or his tedious *recipe's*.

How now, Lungs!

[*Face again.*  
*Face*

*Face.* Softly, Sir; speak softly. I meant  
To ha' told your worship all. This must not hear.

*Mam.* No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

*Face.* Y' are very right, Sir, she is a most rare *scholar*,  
And is gone mad with studying *Broughton's works*.  
If you but name a word touching the *Hebrew*,  
She falls into her fit, and will discourse  
So learnedly of *genealogies*,  
As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.

*Mam.* How might one do t' have conference with her,  
Lungs?

*Face.* O, divers have run mad upon the conference.  
I do not know, Sir: I am sent in haste,  
To fetch a viol. [Exit.]

*Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.

*Mam.* Wherein? 'pray ye, be patient.

*Sur.* Yes, as you are,  
And trust confed'rate knaves, and bawds, and whores.

*Mam.* You are too foul, believe it.

*Enter FACE.*

Come here, Ulen; one word.

*Face.* I dare not, in good faith.

*Mam.* Stay, knave.

*Face.* H' is extreme angry that you saw her, Sir.

*Mam.* Drink that. [Gives him money.] What is she  
when she's out of her fit?

*Face.* O the most affablest creature, Sir; so merry!  
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like *quick-silver*,  
*Over the helm*; and *circulate*, like *oil*,  
A very *vegetal*: discourse of *state*,  
Of *mathematics*, *bawdry*, any thing——

*Mam.* Is she no ways accessible? no means,  
No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit——  
Or so?

*Sub. within.]* Ulen!

*Face.* I'll come to you again, Sir. [Exit.]

*Mam.* Surly, I did not think, one o' your breeding  
Would traduce personages of worth.

*Sur.* Sir Epicure,  
Your friend to use: yet, still, loth to be gull'd.  
I do not like your *philosophical* bawds.

Their

Their *stone* is enough to pay for,  
Without this bait.

*Mam.* 'Heart, you abuse yourself.  
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,  
The original of this disaster. Her brother  
Has told me all.

*Sur.* And yet you never saw her  
Till now?

*Mam.* O yes, but I forgot, I have (believe it)  
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,  
Of all mankind.

*Sur.* What call you her brother?

*Mam.* My Lord——

He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

*Sur.* A very treach'rous memory!

*Mam.* O' my faith.

*Sur.* Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,  
Till we meet next.

*Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true;  
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,  
And I respect his house.

*Sur.* Heart, can it be,  
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,  
A wise Sir too, at other times, should thus,  
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means  
To gull himself? an this be your *elixir*,  
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,  
Give me your honest trick, yet, at *primero*,  
I'll have gold before you,  
And with less danger of the *quicksilver*,  
Or the hot *sulphur*.

*Enter FACE.*

*Face.* Here's one from Captain Face, Sir, [*To Surly.*  
Desires you to meet him i' the *Temple-church*,  
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.  
Sir, if you please to quit us now and come

[*He whispers Mammon.*

Again within two hours, you shall have  
My master busy examining o' the works;  
And I will steal you in unto the party,  
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say

You'll meet the captain's worship?

[Exit Face.

Sur. Sir, I will.

Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house ;  
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me ;  
The naming this commander doth confirm it.  
Don Face ! why, he's the most authentic dealer  
I these commodities ! The *superintendent*  
To all the quainter traffickers in town.  
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find  
The subtilties of this dark *labyrinth* :  
Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,  
You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no *philosopher*,  
To laugh : for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

Enter FACE.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, Sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

[Exit Sur.

Mam. I follow you, straight.

Face. But do so, good Sir, to avoid suspicion ;  
This gent'man has a par'lous head.

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,  
Be constant to thy promise ?

Face. As my life, Sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am ? and praise  
me ?

And say, I am a noble fellow ?

Face. O, what else, Sir.

And that you'll make her royal, with the *stone*,  
An empress ; and yourself King of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this ?

Face. Will I, Sir ?

Mam. Lungs, my Lungs !

I love thee.

Face. Send your stuff, Sir, that my master  
May busy himself about projection.

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue ! Take ; go.

Face. Your jack, and all, Sir.

Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,  
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.  
Away ; thou dost not care for me.

Face. Not I, Sir.

C

Mam.



*Mam.* Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel;  
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain  
With the best Lord's vermin of 'em all.

*Face.* Away, Sir.

*Mam.* A Count! nay, a Count-Palatine——

*Face.* Good Sir, go.

*Mam.* Shall not advance thee better; no, nor faster.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter* *SUBTLE* and *DOL*.

*Sub.* Has he bit? has he bit?

*Face.* And swallow'd too, my *Subtle*.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

*Sub.* And shall we twitch him?

*Face.* Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man

No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

*Sub.* *Dol*, my Lord Wha'ts'hum's sister; you must now  
Bear yourself Statelich.

*Dol.* O, let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

*Face.* Well said, *Sanguine*.

*Sub.* But will he send his andirons?

*Face.* His jack too;

And s iron shoeing-horn: I ha' spoken to him. Well,  
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

*Sub.* O, Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd?

*Face.* Ay, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now.  
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.  
Well; pray for me; I'll about it.

*Sub.* What, more gudgeons?

[*One knocks.*]

*Dol*, scout, scout; stay, *Face*, you must go to the door.

[*Exit Face.*]

Pray, heaven, it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, *Dol*?

*Dol.* I know him not. He looks like an end of a gold  
and silver-man.

*Sub.* God's so! 'tis he, he said he would send.  
What call you him?

The

The *sanctified* elder, that should deal  
For Mammon's jack and andirons! Let him in. Away,  
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now;  
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language,  
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me  
About the *stone* too; for the *holy brethren*  
Of Amsterdam, the *exil'd saints*, that hope  
To raise their *discipline* by it. I must use him  
In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter FACE.*

*Sub.* Where is my drudge?

*Face.* Sir!

*Sub.* Take away the *recipient*,  
And rectify your *menstrue* from the *phlegma*.  
Then pour it o' the *fel*, in the *cucurbite*,  
And let 'em macerate together.

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

And save the ground?

*Sub.* No; *terra damnata*

Must not have entrance in the *work*.

[*Exit Face.*

*Enter ANANIAS.*

Who are you?

*Ana.* A faithful brother, if it please you.

*Sub.* What's that?

A Lullianist? a Ripley? *filius artis*?  
Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?  
Know you the *sapor pontic*? *sapor styptic*?  
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?

*Ana.* I understand no Heathen language, truly.

*Sub.* Heathen! you Knipper-doling! is *ars sacra*,  
Or *chrysopeia*, or *spagyrica*,  
Or the *pamphysick*, or *panarchick* knowledge,  
A Heathen language?

*Ana.* Heathen Greek, I take it.

*Sub.* How? Heathen Greek!

*Ana.* All's Heathen but the Hebrew.

*Enter FACE.*

*Sub.* Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to him

Like a *philosopher* : answer i' the language :  
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations  
Of metals in the work.

*Face.* Sir, *putrefaction*,  
*Solution*, *ablution*, *sublimation*,  
*Cohobation*, *calcination*, *ceration*, and  
*Fixation*.

*Sub.* This is Heathen Greek to you now?  
And whence comes *vivification*?

*Face.* After *mortification*.

*Sub.* What's *cohabitation*?

*Face.* 'Tis the pouring on  
Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,  
To the *trine circle* of the *seven spheres*.

*Sub.* What's the proper passion of metals?

*Face.* *Malleation*.

*Sub.* What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

*Face.* *Antimonium*.

*Sub.* This's Heathen Greek to you? And what's your  
*mercury*?

*Face.* A very fugitive; he will be gone, Sir.

*Sub.* How know you him?

*Face.* By his *viscosity*,  
His *oleosity*, and his *susceptibility*.

*Sub.* How do you *sublime* him?

*Face.* With the *calce* of egg shells,  
White marble, *talc*.

*Sub.* Your *magisterium*, now;  
What's that?

*Face.* Shifting, Sir, your elements;  
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into  
dry.

*Sub.* This's Heathen Greek to you still?  
Your *lapis philosophicus*?

*Face.* 'Tis a *stone* and not  
A *stone*; a *spirit*, a *soul*, and a *body*;  
Which if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolved*;  
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;

If you make it to *fly*, it *fieth*.

*Sub.* Enough.

This's Heathen Greek to you?

[Exit Face.

What are you, Sir?

*Ana.* Please you, a servant of the *evil'd brethren*,  
That deal with widows, and with orphans goods;  
And make a just account unto the *saints*;

A *deacon*.

*Sub.* O, you are sent from Mr Wholsome,  
Your *teacher*?

*Ana.* From Tribulation Wholsome,  
Our very zealous *pastor*.

*Sub.* Good. I have  
Some orphans goods to come here.

*Ana.* Of what kind, Sir?

*Sub.* Pewter, and brass, andirons, and kitchen-ware;  
Metals that we must use our med'cine on;  
Wherein the *brethren* may have a penn'orth,  
For ready money.

*Ana.* Were the orphans parents  
*Sincere professors*?

*Sub.* Why do you ask?

*Ana.* Because  
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)  
Their utmost value.

*Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else,  
And if their parents were not of the *faithful*?  
I will not trust you, now I think on't,  
'Till I ha' talk'd with your *pastor*. Ha' you brought money  
To buy more coals?

*Ana.* No, surely.

*Sub.* No! How so?

*Ana.* The *brethren* bid me say unto you, Sir,  
Surely, they will not venture any more,  
'Till they may see *projection*.

*Sub.* How!

*Ana.* You have had  
For the instruments, as bricks and lome, and glasses,  
Already thirty pounds; and for materials,  
They say, some ninety more: And they have heard since,  
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,  
And a small paper of pin-dust.



*Sub.* What's your name?

*Ana.* My name is Ananias.

*Sub.* Out! the varlet

That cozen'd the *apostles*! Hence, away,  
Flee, *mischiefs*; had your *holy confistory*  
No name to send me of another found  
Than wicked Ananias? Send your *elders*  
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,  
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes  
The fire; and down th' *alchimbecks*, and the furnace,  
*Piger Henricus*, or what not. Thou wretch!  
Both *sericon* and *baso* shall be lost,  
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *bishops*,  
Or th' *antichristian hierarchy*, shall perish,  
If they stay three score minutes. The *aquity*,  
*Terreity*, and *sulphureity*,  
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,  
Thou wicked Ananias. [Exit Ananias.  
This will fetch 'em,  
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.  
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fight  
Those that are froward to an appetite.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter FACE and DRUGGER.*

*Face.* He's busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

*Sub.* How now? What mates? What *baiards* ha' we here?

*Face.* I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab  
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:  
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,  
You would devise (what is it, Nab?)

*Drug.* A sign, Sir.

*Face.* Ay, a good lucky one; a thriving sign, doctor.

*Sub.* I was devising now.

*Face.* ('Slight, do not say so;  
He will repent he gave you any more.)  
What say you to his *constellation*, doctor?  
The *balance*?

*Sub.* No; that way is stale, and common.  
A good lucky sign in *Thomas*, 'tis the lull,

Or the bull's head : In Aries, the ram.  
A poor device. No, I will have his name  
Form'd in some mystic character ; whose radii,  
Striking the senses of the passers-by,  
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,  
That may result upon the party owns it :  
As thus——

*Face.* Nab !

*Sub.* He shall have a bell, that's *Abel* ;  
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,  
In a rug gown ; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug* :  
And right anentst him a dog snarling *Er* ;  
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his sign.  
And here's now *mystery*, and *hieroglyphick* !

*Face.* Abel, thou art made.

*Drug.* I do thank his worship.

*Face.* Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.  
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir :

I have another thing I would impart——

*Face.* Out with it, Nab.

*Drug.* Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,  
A rich young widow——

*Face.* Good ; a *bona roba* ?

*Drug.* But nineteen at the most.

*Face.* Very good, Abel.

*Drug.* Marry, sh' is not in fashion yet ; she wears  
A hood ; but 't stands acop.

*Face.* No matter, Abel.

*Drug.* And I do now and then give her a *fucus*——

*Face.* What ! dost thou deal, Nab ?

*Sub.* I did tell you, captain.

*Drug.* And physick too sometimes, Sir ; for which she  
trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose  
To learn the fashion.

*Face.* Good ; on, Nab.

*Drug.* And she do's strangely long to know her  
fortune.

*Face.* God's lid, Nab, send her to the doctor hither.

*Drug.* Yes ; I have spoke to her of his worship already ;  
But she's afraid it will be blown ahead,

And

And hurt her marriage.

*Face.* Hurt it ! 'Tis the way  
To heal it, if 'twere hurt ; to make it more  
Follow'd and fought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this :  
She'll be more known, more talk'd of ; and your widows  
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous :  
Their honour is the multitude of suitors :  
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What ?  
Thou dost not know.

*Drug.* No, Sir, she'll never marry  
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

*Face.* What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,  
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,  
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd ?  
One glafs o' thy water, with a Madam, I know,  
Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother ? a knight ?

*Drug.* No, Sir ; a gentleman, newly warm in his  
land, Sir,  
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern  
His sister here ; and is a man himself  
Of some three thousand a-year, and is come up  
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,  
And will go down again and die i' the country.

*Face.* How ! to quarrel ?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir, to carry quarrels  
As gallants do, to manage 'em by line.

*Face.* 'Slid, Nab ! the doctor is the only man  
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,  
With mathematical demonstrations,  
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him  
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,  
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her  
The doctor happily may persuade. Go to.  
Sha't give his worship a new damask suit  
Upon the premisses.

*Sub.* O, good captain.

*Face.* He shall :  
He is the honestest fellow, doctor——Stay not ;  
No offers ; bring the damask and the parties.

*Drug.* I'll try my power, Sir.

*Face.* And thy will too, Nab.

*Sub.*

ACT III. THE ALCHEMIST.

*Sub.* 'Tis good tobacco, this. What is't a pound?

*Face.* He'll send you a hoghead, doctor.

*Sub.* O, no.

*Face.* He will do't:

It is the gooddest soul. Abel, about it.

(Thou shalt know more anon. Away; begone.)

[*Exit* Druggier.]

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,  
And has the worms. That was the cause indeed  
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,  
To get a medicine for 'em.

*Sub.* And shall, Sir. This works.

*Face.* A wife, a wife, for one of us, my dear Subtle:  
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails shall have  
The more in goods, the other has in tail.  
But Dol must ha' no breath on't.

*Sub.* Mum.

Away, you to your Surly, yonder, catch him.

*Face.* Pray, heaven, I ha' not staid too long.

*Sub.* I fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

TRIBULATION, ANANIAS.

TRIBULATION.

THESE chastisements are common to the saints,  
And such rebukes we, of the *separation*,  
Must bear, with willing shoulders, as the trials  
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

*Ana.* In pure zeal,

I do not like the man. He is a Heathen,  
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

*Tri.* I think him a prophane person indeed.

*Ana.* He bears

The visible mark of the beast in his forehead;  
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,  
And with *philosophy* blinds the eyes of man.

*Tri.* Good, brother, we must bend unto all means.  
That may give furtherance to the *holy cause*.

*Ana.* Which his cannot: the *sanctified cause*

Should



Should have a *sanctified course*.

*Tri.* Not always necessary :

The children of perdition are oft-times  
Made instruments even of the greatest works.  
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,  
The place he lives in, still about the fire,  
And fume of metals, that intoxicate  
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.  
Where have you greater *Atheists* than your cooks?  
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glassmen?  
More *Antichristian* than your bell-founders?  
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,  
*Sathan*, our common enemy, but his being  
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling  
*Brimstone* and *arsnick*?  
You did ill to upbraid him  
With the *brethren's* blessing of Heidelberg, weighing  
What need we have to hasten on the work,  
For the restoring of the *silenc'd saints*,  
Which ne'er will be but by the *philosopher's stone*.  
And so a learned *elder*, one of Scotland,  
Assured me.

*Ana.* I have not edified more, truly, by man,  
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me :  
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

*Tri.* Let us call on him then.

*Ana.* The motion's good,  
And of the spirit ; I will knock first : peace be within.

*Enter* SUBTLE.

*Sub.* O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore  
minutes

Were at last thread, you see ; and down had gone  
*Furnus accidia, turris circulatorius* :

*Lembek, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane*

Had all been cinders. Wicked *Ananias* !

Art thou return'd? Nay, then, it goes down yet.

*Tri.* Sir, be appeased ; he is come to humble  
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,  
If too much zeal hath carried him aside  
From the due path.

*Sub.* Why, this doth qualify !

*Tri.*

*Tri.* The brethren had no purpose, verily,  
To give you the least grievance ; but are ready  
To lend their willing hands to any project  
The spirit and you direct.

*Sub.* This qualifies more !

*Tri.* And for the orphans goods let them be valu'd,  
Or what is needful else to the holy work,  
It shall be number'd : here, by me, the *saints*  
Throw down their purse before you.

*Sub.* This qualifies most !

Why, thus it should be ; now you understand.  
Have I discoursed so unto you of our *stone*,  
And of the good that it shall bring your cause !  
Shew'd you

That even the med'cinal use should make you a faction  
And party in the realm ? as, put the case,  
That some great man in state, he have the gout,  
Why, you but send three drops of your *elixir*,  
You help him straight : there you have made a friend.  
Another has the palsy, or the dropsy,  
He takes of your incombustible stuff,  
He's young again : there you have made a friend.  
A lady, that is past the feat of body,  
Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd  
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore  
With the oil of *tak* ; there you have made a friend ;  
And all her friends.

Still you increase your friends.

*Tri.* Ay, 'tis very pregnant.

*Sub.* And then the turning of his lawyer's pewter  
To plate at *Candlemas*.

*Ana.* Candle-tide, I pray you.

*Sub.* Yet, Ananias ?

*Ana.* I have done.

*Sub.* O, but the *stone* ; all's idle to't ! nothing !  
Nature's miracle,  
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds  
From east to west ; and whose tradition  
Is not from men, but spirits.

*Ana.* I hate traditions :  
I do not trust them——

*Tri.* Peace !

*Ana.*

*Ana.* They are *Popish*, all.  
I will not peace. I will not.

*Tri.* Ananias !

*Ana.* Please the profane, to grieve the godly, I may not.

*Sub.* Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

*Tri.* It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir.  
But, truly, else, a very faithful *brother*,  
A botcher ; and a man, by revelation,  
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

*Sub.* Has he a competent sum there i' the bag  
To buy the goods within ? I am made guardian,  
And must, for charity and conscience sake,  
Now see the most be made for my poor orphans :  
'Tho' I desire the *brethren* too, good gainers,  
There they are within. When you have view'd, and  
bought 'em,

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,  
They are ready for *projection* ; there's no more  
To do : cast on the *med'cine*, so much silver  
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,  
I'll gi' it you in by weight.

*Tri.* But how long time,  
Sir, must the *saints* expect yet ?

*Sub.* Let me see,  
How's the moon now ? eight, nine, ten days hence,  
He will be *silver potate* ; then three days  
Before he *citronise* : some fifteen days  
The *magisterium* will be perfected.

*Ana.* About the second day of the third week  
In the ninth month ?

*Sub.* Yes, my good Ananias.

*Tri.* What will the orphans goods arise to, think you ?

*Sub.* Some hundred marks ; as much as fill'd three  
cars

Unladed now ; you'll make six millions of them.  
But I must ha' more coals laid in.

*Tri.* How ?

*Sub.* Another load ;  
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase  
Our fire to *ignis ardens* ; we are past  
*Fimus equinus, balnei cineris*,

And

And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse  
Should with this draught fall low, and that the faints  
Do need a present sum, I have a trick  
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,  
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars  
As any are in Holland.

*Tri.* Can you so?

*Sub.* Ay, and shall bide the third examination.

*Ana.* It will be joyful tidings to the *brethren*.

*Sub.* But you must carry it secret.

*Tri.* Ay, but stay.

This act of coining, is it lawful?

*Ana.* Lawful!

We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,  
This's foreign coin.

*Sub.* It is no coining, Sir;  
It is but casting.

*Tri.* Ha! you distinguish well:  
Casting of money may be lawful.

*Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.

*Tri.* Truly, I take it so.

*Sub.* There is no scruple,  
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:  
This case of conscience he is studied in.

*Tri.* I'll make a question of it to the *brethren*.

*Ana.* The *brethren* shall approve it lawful, doubt not.  
Where shall it be done?

*Sub.* For that we'll talk anon. [Knock without.  
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,  
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.  
I'll come to you straight. Who is it? Face! appear.

*Enter FACE.*

How now? good prize?

*Face.* Good pox! yond' caustive cheater  
Never came on.

*Sub.* How then?

*Face.* I ha' walk'd the round  
Till now, and no such thing.

*Sub.* And ha' you quit him?

*Face.* Quit him! an' hell would quit him too, he were  
happy.

D

'Slight,



'Slight, would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,  
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?  
I know him of old.

*Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him,  
Had been a mastery.

*Face.* Let him go, black boy!  
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.  
A noble Count, a Don of Spain,  
Furnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight,  
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,  
(That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry  
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,  
Our Dover-pier, our what thou wilt.  
Where is the doxy?

*Sub.* I will fend her to thee:  
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,  
And come again myself.

*Face.* Are they within then?

*Sub.* Numb'ring the sum.

*Face.* How much?

*Sub.* A hundred marks, boy.

*[Exit.]*

*Face.* Why, this's a lucky day! ten pounds of Manmon!  
'Three o' my clerk! a Portague o' my grocer!  
'This o' the brethren! beside reversions,  
And states to come i' the widow, and my Count!  
My share to-day will not be bought for forty——

*Enter Dol.*

*Dol.* What?

*Face.* Pounds! dainty Dorothy. Art thou so near?

*Dol.* Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?

*Face.* This dear hour

A dainty Don is taken with my Dol;  
And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt,  
My Doufabel.

*Dol.* What is he, general?

*Face.* An Adalantado,

A grande, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

*Dol.* No.

*Face.* Nor my Druggier?

*Dol.* Neither.

*Face.* A pox on 'em,  
They are so long a furnishing!

*Enter*

*Enter* SUBTLE.

How now? ha' you done?

*Sub.* Done! They are gone. The sum  
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew  
Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

*Face.* 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the widow,  
To furnish household.

*Sub.* Excellent well thought on.  
Pray, heaven, he come.

*Face.* I pray he keep away  
Till our new business be o'erpast.

*Sub.* But, Face,  
How cam'st thou by this secret Don?

*Face.* A spirit  
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,  
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle  
For Surly. I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath  
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,  
You must go tune your virginal, no losing  
O' the least time. And, do you hear? his great  
Verdugoship has not a jot of language:  
So much the easier to be cozen'd; my Dolly,  
He will come here in a hir'd coach, obscure,  
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,  
No creature else. Who's that? [One knocks.]

*Sub.* It is not he!

*Face.* O, no; not yet this hour.

*Sub.* Who is't?

*Dol.* Dapper,  
Your clerk.

*Face.* God's will, then, Queen of Fairy,  
On with your tire; and, doctor, with your robes.  
Let's dispatch him for God's sake.

*Sub.* 'Twill be long.

*Face.* I warrant you; take but the cues I give you,  
It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!  
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,  
That fain would quarrel.

*Sub.* And the widow?

*Face.* No!  
Not that I see. Away! [Exit Sub. and Dol.]

O, Sir, you are welcome.

S C E N E II.

*Enter DAPPER, DRUGGER, KASTRIL.*

*Face.* The doctor is within moving for you ;  
( I have had the most ado to win him to it )  
He swears you'll be the dearling of the dice :  
He never heard her Highness dote till now, he says :  
Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words  
That can be thought on.

*Dap.* Shall I see her Grace?

*Face.* See her, and kiss her too. What, honest Nab !  
Hast brought the damask ?

*Drug.* No, Sir, here's tobacco.

*Face.* 'Tis well done, Nab : thou'lt bring the damask  
too ?

*Drug.* Yes. Here's the gentleman, captain, Master  
Kastril,

I have brought to see the doctor.

*Face.* Where's the widow ?

*Drug.* Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

*Face.* O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril,  
Sir ?

*Kas.* Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,  
By fifteen hundred a-year. Where is the doctor?  
My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one  
That can do things. Has he any skill ?

*Face.* Wherein, Sir ?

*Kas.* To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,  
Upon fit terms.

*Face.* It seems, Sir, yo'are but young  
About the town, that can make that a question.

*Kas.* Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech  
Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco ;  
And in his shop : and I can take it too.  
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down  
And practise i' the country.

*Face.* Sir, for the *duello*,  
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,  
To the least shadow of a hair ; and then, rules  
To give and take the lie by.

*Kas.*

*Kaf.* How ! to take it ?

*Face.* Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle,  
But never in diameter. The whole town  
Study his *theorems*, and dispute them ordinarily  
At the eating academies.

*Kaf.* But does he teach  
Living by the wits too ?

*Face.* Any thing whatever.  
You cannot think that subtilty but he reads it.  
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,  
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him :  
It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method :  
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

*Kaf.* No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

*Face.* For why, Sir ?

*Kaf.* There's gaming there, and tricks.

*Face.* Why, would you be  
A gallant, and not game ?

*Kaf.* Ay, 'twill spend a man.

*Face.* Spend you ? It will repair you when you are  
spent.

How do they live by their wits there, that have vented  
Six times your fortune ?

*Kaf.* What, three thousand a-year ?

*Face.* Ay, forty thousand.

*Kaf.* Are there such ?

*Face.* Ay, Sir,

And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman  
Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,  
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,  
And have a flie o' the doctor. He will win you  
By unresistable luck, within this fortnight,  
Enough to buy a barony.

*Kaf.* Do you not gull one ?

*Face.* 'Ode my life ! do you think it ?  
Why, Nab, here, knows him.  
And then for making matches for rich widows,  
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man !  
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,  
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

*Kaf.* Adzooks, my suster shall see him.

*Face.* I'll tell you, Sir,



What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing!  
(By the way, you must eat no cheefe, Nab, it breeds  
melancholy :

And that same melancholy breeds worms) but pass it,  
He told me honest Nab, here, was ne'er at tavern  
But once in his life !

*Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.*

*Face.* And then he was so sick——

**Drug.** Could he tell you that too?

*Face.* How should I know it?

*Drug.* In troth we had been a shooting,  
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,  
That lay so heavy o' my stomach —————

*Face.* And he has no head

To bear any wine ; for what with the noise of the fiddlers,  
And care of his shop ; for he dares keep no servant—

*Drug.* My head did fo ake——

*Face.* As he was fain to be brought home,

The doctor told me. And then a good old woman—

*Drug.* (Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane) did  
cure me

With foddin ale, and pellitory o' the wall :  
Cost be but two-pence. I had another sickness  
Was worse than that.

*Face.* Ay, that was the grief

Thou took'st for being ses'd at eighteen-pence,  
For the water-work.

*Drug.* In truth, and it was like

**'T' have cost me almost my life.**

**Face.** Thy hair went off?

*Drng.* Yes, 'twas done for spight.

*Face.* Nay, so says the doctor.

*Kaf.* Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster,  
I'll see this learn'd boy before I go :  
And so shall she.

*Face.* Sir, he is bufy now :

But if you have a sister to fetch hither,  
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;  
And he by that time will be free.

*Kaf. I go.* [Exeunt Druggier and Kaf.

*Face.* Druggier, she's thine: the damask. (Subtle and I  
Must wrestle for her.) Come on, Master Dapper,

**You**

You see how I turn clients here away,  
To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd  
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

*Dap.* Yes, o' the vinegar,  
And the clean shirt.

*Face.* 'Tis well: that shirt may do you  
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,  
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight o' you.  
Ha' you provided for her Grace's servants?

*Dap.* Yes, here are six-score Edward's shillings.

*Face.* Good.

*Dap.* And an old Harry's sovereign.

*Face.* Very good.

*Dap.* And three James's shillings, and an Elizabeth's  
groat:

Just twenty nobles.

*Face.* O, you are too just.

I would you had the other noble in Mary's.

*Dap.* I have some Philip and Mary's.

*Face.* Ay, those same

Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the doctor.

*Enter* SUBTLE.

*Sub.* Is yet her Grace's cousin come?

*Face.* He is come.

*Sub.* And is he fasting?

*Face.* Yes.

*Sub.* And hath cry'd *hum*?

*Face.* Thrice, you must answer.

*Dap.* Thrice.

*Sub.* And as oft *buz*?

*Face.* If you have, say.

*Dap.* I have.

*Sub.* Then, to her cuz,  
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,  
As he was bid, the *fair* queen dispenses,  
By me, this robe, the petticoat of *fortune*;  
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune;  
And though to *fortune* near be her petticoat,  
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:  
And therefore, even of that a piece she has sent,  
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;

And

And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it  
(With as much love as then her Grace did tear it)  
About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

*[They blind him with a rag.]*

And, trusting unto her to make his state,  
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him ;  
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

*Face.* She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has  
nothing

But what he will part withal as willingly,  
Upon her Grace's word. (Throw away your purse.)  
As she would ask it. (Handkerchiefs and all.)  
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.  
(If you have a ring about you, cast it off,  
Or a silver seal at your wrist : Her Grace will send  
Her Fairies here to search you ; therefore deal  
Directly with her Highness. If they find  
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.)

*[He throws away, as they bid him.]*

*Dap.* Truly, there's all.

*Face.* All what ?

*Dap.* My money, truly.

*Face.* Keep nothing that is transitory about you.  
Look, the elves are come

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

*Dap.* O, I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

*Face.* *Ti, ti.*

They knew't, they say.

*Sub.* *Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.

*Face.* *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* P the other pocket ?

*Dap.* O, o.

*Face.* Nay, pray you hold. He is her Grace's nephew.  
*Ti, ti, ti?* What care you ? Good faith, you shall care.  
Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the Fairies. Shew  
You are an innocent.

*Dap.* By this good light, I ha' nothing  
But a half-crown

Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me ;  
And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

*Face.* I thought 'twas something. And would you incur  
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles ? Come,

I had

I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns.  
You may wear your leaden heart still. [*Knock.*] How now?

*Enter Dol.*

*Sub.* What news, Dol?

*Dol.* Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.

*Face.* God's lid, we never thought of him till now.  
Where is he?

*Dol.* Here, hard by. He's at the door.

*Sub.* And you are not ready now.

*Dol.* He must be sent back.

*Face.* O, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffing here,  
Now he's o' the spit?

*Sub.* Why, lay him back a while,  
With some device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti.* Would her  
Grace speak with me? [*Knock.*]

I come. Help, Dol.

*Face.* Who's there? Sir Epicure.

[*He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.*]  
My master's i' the way. Please you to walk  
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,  
And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.

*Sub.* Her Grace

Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.

*Dap.* I long to see her Grace.

*Sub.* She now is set

At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you,  
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,  
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,  
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:  
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)  
It would be better for you.

*Face.* Sir, he shall

Hold out, an' 'twere this two hours, for her Highness;  
I can assure you that. We will not lose  
All we ha' done——

*Sub.* He must not see, nor speak  
To any body, till then.

*Face.* For that we'll put, Sir,  
A stay in's mouth.

*Sub.* Of what?

*Face.*



*Face.* Of gingerbread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace  
Thus far, shall not now crinckle for a little.

Gape, Sir, and let him fit you.

*Sub.* Where shall we now  
Bestow him?

*Dol.* I' the privy.

*Sub.* Come along, Sir,

I now must shew you *fortune's* privy lodgings.

*Face.* Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

*Sub.* All.

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

*Fact.* Sir Epicure, I am your's, Sir, by and by. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*FACE and MAMMON meet.*

*FACE.*

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time.  
*Mam.* Where's master?

*Face.* Now preparing for projection, Sir.  
Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.

*Mam.* Into gold?

*Face.* To gold and silver, Sir.

*Mam.* Silver I care not for.

*Face.* Yes, Sir, a little to give beggars.

*Mam.* Where's the lady?

*Face.* At hand, here. I ha' told her such brave things  
o' you,

Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit——

*Mam.* Hast thou?

*Face.* As she is almost in her fit to see you.

But, good Sir, no *divinity* i' your conference,  
For fear of putting her in rage——

*Mam.* I warrant thee.

*Face.* Six men will not hold her down. And then,  
If the old man should hear or see you——

*Mam.* Fear not.

*Face.* The very house, Sir, would run mad. You  
know it,

How

How scrupulous he is, and violent  
 'Gainst the least act of sin. *Physic, or mathematics,*  
*Poetry, state, or bard'ry* (as I told you)  
 She will endure, and never startle: but  
 No word of controversy.

*Mam.* I am school'd, good Ulen.

*Face.* And you must praise her house, remember that,  
 And her nobility.

*Mam.* Let me alone:  
 No *herald*, nor no *antiquary*, Lungs  
 Shall do it better. Go.

*Face.* Why, this is yet  
 A kind of modern happiness, to have  
 Dol Common for a great lady.

[*Exit.*

*Mam.* Now, Epicure,  
 Heighten thyself; talk to her, all in gold;  
 Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops  
 Unto his Danae: shew the god a miser,  
 Compar'd with Mammon. What, the stone will do't.  
 She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;  
 Nay, we will *concumbre* gold. I will be puissant,  
 And mighty in my talk to her.

*Enter DOL, FACE.*

Here she comes.

*Face.* To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble  
 knight  
 I told your Ladyship

*Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,  
 I kiss your vesture.

*Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil  
 If I would suffer that; my lip to you, Sir.

*Mam.* I hope my Lord your brother be in health, lady.

*Dol.* My Lord my brother is, tho' I no lady, Sir.

*Face.* (Well said, my Guiney-bird.)

*Mam.* Right noble Madam——

*Face.* (O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.)

*Mam.* 'Tis your prerogative.

*Dol.* Rather your courtesy.

*Mam.* Were there naught else t' enlarge your virtues  
 to me,

These answers speak your breeding, and your blood.

*Dol.*

*Dol.* Blood we boast none, Sir; a poor baron's daughter.

*Mam.* Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life

After that act,

He had done enough to make himself, his issue,

And his posterity noble.

*Face.* I'll in, and laugh.

[Exit.

*Mam.* Sweet Madam, let me be particular——

*Dol.* Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your distance.

*Mam.* In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask  
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see  
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,  
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

*Dol.* Yes, Sir, I study here the *mathematics*,  
And *distillation*.

*Mam.* O, I cry you pardon.  
He's a divine instructor.

*Dol.* Ay, and for his physick, Sir——

*Mam.* Above the art of *Æsculapius*,  
That drew the envy of the thunderer!  
I know all this, and more.

*Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,  
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

*Mam.* It is a noble humour: but this form  
Was not intended to so dark a use.  
I muse, my Lord your brother will permit it!  
You should spend half my land first, were I he.  
Does not this diamond better on my finger  
Than i' the quarry?

*Dol.* Yes.

*Mam.* Why, you are like it.  
You were created, Lady, for the light!  
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge  
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

*Dol.* In chains of adamant?

*Mam.* Yes, the strongest bands.  
And take a secret too: here, by your side,  
Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

*Dol.* You are contented, Sir?

*Mam.* Nay, in true being,  
The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

*Del.* Say you so, Sir Epicure?

*Mam.* Yes ; and thou shalt prove it,  
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye  
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty  
Above all stiles.

*Del.* You mean no treason, Sir?

*Mam.* No ; I will take away that jealousy.  
I am the lord of the *philosopher's stone*,  
And thou the lady.

*Del.* How, Sir! ha' you that?

*Mam.* I am the master of the *magistry*.  
This day the good old wretch here o' the house  
Has made it for us : now he's at *projection*.  
Think, therefore, thy first wish now ; let me hear it ;  
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,  
But floods of gold, whole cataracls, a deluge,  
To get a nation on thee.

*Del.* I could well consent, Sir,  
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?  
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize  
You and your *stone*, it being a wealth unfit  
For any private subject.

*Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear :  
We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live  
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets  
Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants eggs,  
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells,  
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,  
In a rare butter, made of dolphins milk,  
Whose cream does look like opals ; and with these  
Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,  
And take us down again, and then renew  
Our youth and strength, with drinking the *elixir*,  
And so enjoy a perpetuity of life and lust.

*Enter FACE.*

*Face.* Sir, you're too loud. I hear you every word  
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place ;  
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you  
her?

*Mam.* Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.

[Gives money.  
*Face.*

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*Face.* But, do you hear?

Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *rabbins*.

*Mam.* We think not on 'em. [*Exe. Mam. and Dol.*]

*Face.* O, it is well, Sir. Subtle!

*Enter* SUBTLE.

*Face.* Dost thou not laugh?

*Sub.* Yes. Are they gone?

*Face.* All's clear.

*Sub.* The widow is come.

*Face.* And your quarrelling disciple?

*Sub.* Ay.

*Face.* I must to my captainship again then!

*Sub.* Stay, bring 'em in first.

*Face.* So I meant. What is she?

A *bonny-bell*?

*Sub.* I know not.

*Face.* We'll draw lots.

You'll stand to that?

*Sub.* What else?

To the door, man.

*Face.* You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

*Sub.* Yes; and, perhaps, hit you thro' both the nostrils.

*Enter* KASTRIL and PLIANT.

*Face.* Who would you speak with?

*Kas.* Where's the captain?

*Face.* Gone, Sir,

About some business.

*Kas.* Gone!

*Face.* He'll return straight.

But, master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

*Sub.* Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terra fili*,  
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:  
Welcome: I know thy lust, and thy desires,  
And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,  
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line.  
Here is my center: ground thy quarrel.

*Kas.* You lie.

*Sub.* How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?  
For what, my sudden boy?

*Kas.* Nay, that look you to,

I am

I am afore-hand.

*Sub.* O, this's no true *grammar*,  
And as ill *logic*! You must render causes, child,  
Your first and second *intentions*, know your *causes*,  
And your *divisions*, *moods*, *degrees*, and *differences*,  
And ha' your *elements* perfect —

*Kas.* What, is this  
The angry tongue he talks in?

*Sub.* That *false precept*  
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,  
And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,  
Before they were aware; and afterward,  
Against their wills.

*Kas.* How must I do then, Sir?

*Sub.* I cry this lady mercy: she should first  
Have been saluted. I do call you lady,  
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,  
My soft and buxom widow.

[*He kisses her.*]

*Kas.* Is she, i'faith?

*Sub.* Yes; or my art is an egregious liar.

*Kas.* How know you?

*Sub.* By inspection on her forehead,  
And subtilty of her lip, which must be tasted  
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight, she melts

[*He kisses her again.*]

Like a *Myrabolane*! Here is yet a line,  
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.

*Pli.* What is he then, Sir?

*Sub.* Let me see your hand.

O, your *linea fortuna* makes it plain;  
And *stella* here, in *monte Veneris*:  
But most of all, *junctura annularis*.  
He is a foldier, or a man of art, lady;  
But shall have some great honour shortly.

*Pli.* Brother,  
He's a rare man, believe me!

*Kas.* Hold your peace.  
Here comes the t'other rare man.

*Enter FACE.*

'Save you, captain.

*Fac.* Good master *Kastril*. Is this your sister?

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*Kas.*

*Kaf.* Ay, Sir.

Please to kiss her, and be proud to know her.

*Face.* I shall be proud to know you, lady.

*Pl.* Brother, he calls me lady too.

*Kaf.* Ay, peace! I heard it.

*Face.* The Count is come.

*Sub.* Why, you must entertain him.

*Face.* What'll you do——

*Sub.* Where is he!

*Face.* At the door.

With these the while?

*Sub.* Why, have 'em up, and shew 'em  
Some suttian book, or the dark glafs.

*Face.* 'Fore God,

She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. [Exit.

*Sub.* Must you? ay, if your fortune will, you must.  
Come, Sir, the captain will come to us presently:  
I'll have you to my chamber of *demonstrations*,  
Where I'll shew you my instrument,  
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you  
Able to quarrel, at a straw's breadth by moon-light.  
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glafs,  
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,  
Against you see your fortune; which is greater  
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

FACE and SUBTLE meet.

*Face.* Where are you, doctor?

*Sub.* I'll come to you presently.

*Face.* I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her,  
On any composition.

*Sub.* What do you say?

*Face.* Ha' you dispos'd of them?

*Sub.* I ha' sent 'em up.

*Face.* Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

*Sub.* Is that the matter?

*Face.* Nay, but hear me.

*Sub.* Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.  
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

*Face.* Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but *conceive*  
Thou art old, and canst not serve——

*Sub.*

*Sub.* Who, cannot I?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a—

*Face.* Nay,

But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

*Sub.* I will not treat with thee: what, sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol

Knows it directly.

*Face.* Well, Sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

*Sub.* I follow you, Sir. We must keep Face in awe,  
Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

Brain of a taylor! Who comes here? Don John?

*Enter SURLY like a Spaniard.*

*Sur.* *Sennores, beso las manos, á vuestras mercedes.*

*Sub.* Would you had stoop'd a little, and kiss'd our *anas*.

*Face.* Peace, Subtle.

*Sub.* Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in a platter,

Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two treffils.

*Face.* Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut  
down

Beneath the fouse, and wriggled with a knife?

*Sub.* Don, your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is wel-  
come.

*Sur.* *Gratia.*

*Sub.* He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.

*Sur.* *Por dios, Sennores, muy linda casa!*

*Sub.* What says he?

*Face.* Praises the house, I think.

I know no more but's action.

*Sub.* Yes, the *casa*,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozen'd, Diego.

*Face.* Cozen'd, do you see?

My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.

*Sur.* *Entiendo.*

*Sub.* Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.

I have you brought pistolets, or portagues,



My solemn Don, dost thou feel any?

*Face.* Full.

[*He feels his pockets.*]

*Sub.* You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn  
Dry, as they say.

*Face.* 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

*Sub.* For what?

*Face.* Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

*Sub.* That's true.

'Fore heaven, I know not:

Mammon must not be troubled.

*Face.* Mammon! in no case.

Think: you must be sullen.

*Sur.* *Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

*Face.* *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o'  
the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't? ha?

And tell her it is her fortune? all our venture

Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,

Which on's chance to have her: and beside

'There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.

What dost thou think on't, Subtle.

*Sub.* Who, I, why?

*Face.* The credit of our house too is engag'd.

*Sub.* You made me an offer for my share ere-while.

What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith?

*Face.* O, by that light

I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; win her,

And wear her out for me.

*Sur.* *Sennores, por que se tarda tanta?*

*Sub.* Faith, I am not fit; I am old.

*Face.* That's now no reason, Sir.

*Sur.* *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

*Face.* You hear the Don too? by this air, I call,  
And loose the hinges: Dol!

*Sub.* A plague of hell—

*Face.* Will you then do?

*Sub.* You are a terrible rogue,  
I'll think of this: will you, Sir, call the widow?

*Face.* Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,  
Now I do think on't better.

*Sub.*

*Sub.* With all my heart, Sir;  
Am I discharg'd o' the lot?

*Face.* As you please.

*Sub.* Hands.

*Face.* Remember now, that upon any change,  
You never claim her.

*Sub.* Much good joy, and health to you, Sir.  
Marry a whore?

*Face.* Let me wed a witch first.

*Sur.* *Por estas honrada's barbas—*

*Sub.* He swears by his beard.  
Dispatch, and call the brother too.

[Exit Face.

*Sur.* *Tiengo, duda, Sennores,*  
*Que no me hogan alguna traycion.*

*Sub.* How, issue on? Yes, *præsto Sennor.* Please you  
*Enthratha the Chambrata*, worthy Don?

Where, if you please, the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,  
You shall be soak'd and stroak'd, and tubb'd and rubb'd,  
And scrubb'd and fubb'd, dear Don, before you go.  
You shall, in faith, my scurvy baboon Don,  
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.  
I will the heartlier go about it now,

And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,

To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:

The quickly doing of it is the grace. [Exit Sub.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter FACE, KASTRIL, and PLIANT.*

*Face.* Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave  
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

*Kas.* To be a countess, say you? a Spanish countess, Sir?

*Pli.* Why, is that better than an English countess?

*Face.* Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, Lady?

*Enter SUBTLE.*

Here comes the doctor.

*Sub.* My most honour'd Lady,  
(For so I am now to stile you, having found  
By this my *scheme*, you are to undergo  
An honourable fortune, very shortly)  
What will you say now, if some—

*Face.*

*Face.* I have told her all, Sir ;  
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be  
A countess ; do not delay 'em, Sir ; a Spanish countess.

*Sub.* Still, my scarce worshipful captain, you can keep  
No secret. Well, since he has told you Madam,  
Do you forgive him, and I do.

*Kaf.* She shall do that, Sir.  
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.

*Sub.* Well then, nought rests  
But that she sit her love now to her fortune.

*Pli.* Truly, I shall never brook a Spaniard.

*Sub.* No ?

*Pli.* Never sin' Eighty-eight could I abide 'em,  
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

*Sub.* Come, you must love him, or be miserable.

*Pli.* Why ?

I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

*Kaf.* Do,  
Or by this hand you are not my sister,  
If you refuse.

*Pli.* I will not refuse, brother.

*Sur.* *Que es esto, Senhores, que non se venga ?*  
*Esta tardanza me mata !*

*Face.* It is the count come.  
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.  
*Sub.* *En gallanta Madama, Don ! gallantissima !*  
*Sur.* *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada*

*Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida !*

*Face.* Is't not a gallant language that they speak ?

*Kaf.* An admirable language ! is't not French ?

*Face.* No ; Spanish, Sir.

*Kaf.* It goes like law-French ;  
And that, they say, is the courtliest language,

*Face.* List, Sir :  
He admires your sister.

*Kaf.* Must not she make a curtsy ?

*Sub.* Od's will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him !  
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women  
To make first court, Sir ?

*Sur.* *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda ?*

*Kaf.* Nay, see ; she will not understand him ! gull !  
Nodd !

*Pli*

*Pli.* What say you, brother?

*Kaf.* Afs, my suster?

Go kufs him, as the cunning man would ha' you;  
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

*Face.* O, no Sir.

*Sur.* *Sennora, si sera fervida, entremus,*

*Kaf.* Where does he carry her?

*Face.* Into the garden, Sir;

Take you no thought; I must interpret for her.

*Sub.* Give Dol the word. [*Exit Face.*] Come, my  
fierce child, advance.

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

*Kaf.* Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

*Sub.* Nay, and by this means, Sir, you shall be brother  
To a great count.

*Kaf.* Ay, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

*Sub.* Pray God your sister prove but *pliant*.

*Kaf.* Why,

Her name is so by her other husband.

*Sub.* How!

*Kaf.* The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that!

*Sub.* No, faith, Sir:

Yet, by creation of her figure, I guess'd it.

Come, let's go practise.

*Kaf.* Yes; but do you think, doctor,

I e'er shall quarrel well?

*Sub.* I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter DOL and MAMMON.*

*Dol.* For after Alexander's death—

[*In her fit of talking.*]

*Mam.* Good Lady—

*Dol.* That *Perdiccas* and *Antigonus* were slain,  
The two that stood, *Seleuc'* and *Ptolmee*—

*Mam.* Madam.

*Dol.* Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,  
That was *Gog-north*, and *Egypt-south*: which after  
Was call'd *Gog-iron-leg*, and *South-iron-leg*—

*Mam.*



*Mam.* La——

*Dol.* And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.  
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg——

*Mam.* Sweet Madam.

*Dol.* And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall  
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these  
Be stars in story, which none see or look at——

*Mam.* What shall I do?

*Dol.* For, as he says, except  
We call the Rabins, and the Heathen Greeks——

*Mam.* Dear Lady.

*Dol.* To come from Salem, and from Athens,  
And teach the people of Great Britain——

Enter FACE.

*Face.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Dol.* To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan——

*Mam.* O, she's in her fit.

*Dol.* We shall know nothing——

*Face.* Death, Sir!

We are undone. My master will hear!

*Dol.* A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——

*Mam.* Sweet honourable Lady.

*Dol.* To comprize

All sounds of voices in few marks of letters——

*Face.* Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

*Dol.* And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,  
And profane Greek, to raise the building up  
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,  
King of Thogarma, and his habergions  
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force  
Of King Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;  
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Omkelos,  
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

*Face.* How did you put her into't?

*Mam.* Alas! I talk'd

Of a fifth monarchy I would creft, [They speak together.  
With the philosopher's stone (by chance) and the  
Falls on the other four straight.

*Face.* Out of Broughton.

I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

*Mam.* Is't best?

*Face.*

*Face.* She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,  
We are but *pieces*, ashes.

*Sub. within.]* What's to do there?

*Face.* O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

*Mam.* Where shall I hide me?

*[Upon Subtle's entry they disperse.]*

*Sub.* How, what sight is here!

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!

Bring him again; who is he?—What, my son!

O, I have liv'd too long.

*Mam.* Nay, good, dear father,  
There was no unchaste purpose.

*Sub.* No? and flee me  
When I come in?

*Mam.* That was my error.

*Sub.* Error!

Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No  
marvel!

If I found check in our *great work* within,  
When such affairs as these were managing!

*Mam.* Why, have you so?

*Sub.* It has stood still this half hour;  
And all the rest of our *less works* gone back.  
Where is the instrument of wickedness,  
My lewd false drudge?

*Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him;  
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.  
I saw her by chance.

*Sub.* Will you commit more sin,  
T' excuse a varlet?

*Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.

*Sub.* Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom  
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven,  
And lose your fortunes.

*Mam.* Why, Sir?

*Sub.* This'll retard  
The *work*, a month at least.

*Mam.* Why, if it do,  
What remedy? but think it not, good father:  
Our purposes were honest.

*Sub.* As they were,

So

So the reward will prove. How now? aye me!

*A great crack and noise within.*

God, and all saints be good to us! what's that?

*Face.* O, Sir, we are defeated: all the works  
Are flown in *fumo*;

*Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,*  
All struck in shivers! Help, good Sir! alas!

*[Subtle falls down as in a swoon.]*

Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,  
Do the fair office of a man! You stand,

As you were readier to depart than he. *[One knocks.]*

Who's there? My Lord her brother is come.

*Mam.* Ha, Lungs?

*Face.* His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,  
For he's as furious as his sister is mad. *[One knocks.]*

*Mam.* Alas!

*Face.* My brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.  
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

*Mam.* Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv'd  
Of all our cost?

*Face.* Faith, very little, Sir:

A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.

*Mam.* O, my voluptuous mind! I'm justly punish'd.

*Face.* And so am I, Sir.

*Mam.* Cast from all my hopes——

*Face.* Nay, certainties, Sir.

*Mam.* By mine own base affections.

*Sub.* O, the curs'd fruits of vice and lust!

*[Subtle seems to come to himself.]*

*Mam.* Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

*Sub.* Hangs my roof

Over us still, and will not fall; O justice!

Upon us, for this wicked man!

*Face.* Nay, look, Sir,

You grieve him now with staying in his sight:

Good Sir, the noble man will come too, and take you,  
And that may breed a tragedy.

*Mam.* I'll go.

*Face.* Ay, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,  
For some good penance you may have it yet;  
A hundred pounds to the box at Berthlem——

*Mam.* Yes.

*Face.* For the restoring such as ha' lost their wits.

*Mam.* I'll do't.

*Face.* I'll send one to you to receive it.

*Mam.* Do.

Is no *projection* left?

*Face.* All flown, or stinks, Sir.

*Mam.* Will nought be fav'd that's good for med'cine,  
think'it thou?

*Face.* I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,  
Something, about the scraping of the shards,  
Will cure the itch :  
It shall be fav'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,  
This way, for fear the Lord should meet you.

[*Exit Mam.*]

*Sub.* Face!

*Face.* Ay.

*Sub.* Is he gone?

*Face.* Yes; and as heavily  
As all the gold he hop'd for were in his blood.  
Let us be light though.

*Sub.* Ay, as balls, and bound  
And hit our heads against the roof for joy :  
'There's so much of our care now cast away.

*Face.* Now to our Don.

*Sub.* Yes; your young widow, by this time,  
Is made a Countess. She's now in travel  
Of a young heir for you.

*Face.* Good, Sir.

*Sub.* Off with your case,  
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,  
After these common hazards.

*Face.* Very well, Sir.  
Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?

*Sub.* And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir.  
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.

*Face.* Why, you can do it as well, if you would set  
to't.

I pray you prove your virtue.

*Sub.* For your sake, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

E

SCENE



## S C E N E IV.

*Enter SURLY and Dame PLIANT.*

*Sur.* Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n !  
 'Mongst what a nest of villains ! and how near  
 Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain ruin  
 (Thro' your credulity) had I but been  
 So punctually forward as place, time,  
 And other circumstances, would ha' made a man :  
 For yo' are a handsome woman ; would you were wise too.  
 I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,  
 Only to find the knaveries of this *citadel*,  
 And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,  
 I claim some interest in your love. You are,  
 They say, a widow, rich : and I am a bachelor,  
 Worth nought : your fortunes may make me a man,  
 As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,  
 And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

*Pli.* I will, Sir.

*Sur.* And for these household rogues, let me alone  
 To treat with them.

*Enter SUBTLE.*

*Sub.* How doth my noble Diego ?  
 And my dear Madam Countess ? Hath the Count  
 Been courteous, Lady ? liberal ! and open ?  
 Donfel, methinks you look melancholic  
 After your *coitum*, and scurvy ! Truly,  
 I do not like the dullness of your eye,  
 It hath a heavy cast ; 'tis *upsee-Dutch*,  
 And says you are a lumpish whore-master.  
 Be lighter : I will make your pockets so.

[*He falls to picking of them.*]

*Sur.* Will you, Don Bawd, and pick-purse ? how now ?  
 reel you ?

Stand up, Sir ; you shall find, since I am so heavy,  
 I'll give you equal weight.

*Sub.* Help, murder !

*Sur.* No, Sir, there's no such thing intended. A  
 good cart,  
 And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.

I am

I am the Spanish Don, that should be cozen'd,  
Do you see? cozen'd? Where's your Captain Face?

*Enter FACE.*

*Face.* How, Surly!

*Sur.* O, make your approach, good Captain.  
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons  
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.  
And this doctor,  
Your footy, smoaky-bearded compeer, he  
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's head,

*[Face steals off.]*

And on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another  
With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i' the heat,  
And fly out all in *fume*?  
Nay, Sir, you must tarry,  
Tho' he be 'scap'd; and answer by the ears, Sir.

*Enter FACE and KASTRIL.*

*Face.* Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel  
Well (as they say) and be a true-born child.  
The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.

*Kas.* Where is he? which is he? he is a slave,  
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you  
The man, Sir? I would know.

*Sur.* I should be loth, Sir,  
To confess so much.

*Kas.* Then you lie i' your throat.

*Sur.* How!

*Face.* A very arrant rogue, Sir, and a cheater,  
Employ'd here by another conjurer,  
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,  
If he knew how——

*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd.

*Kas.* You lie:

And 'tis no matter.

*Face.* Well said, Sir. He is  
The impudent'st rascal——

*Sur.* You are indeed! Will you hear me, Sir?

*Face.* By no means: Bid him be gone.

*Kas.* Be gone, Sir, quickly.

*Sur.* This's strange! Lady, do you inform your brother.

*Face.* There is not such a foist in all the town,  
The doctor had him presently: and finds yet,  
The Spanish Count will come here. Bear up, Subtle.

*Sub.* Yes, Sir, he must appear within this hour.

*Face.* And yet this rogue will come in a disguise,  
By the temptation of another spirit,  
To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt it.

*Kaf.* Ay,

I know—Away, you talk like a foolish mauther.

*Sur.* Sir, all is truth she says.

*Face.* Do not believe him, Sir.

He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, Sir.

*Sur.* You are valiant out of company.

*Kaf.* Yes. How then, Sir?

*Enter DRUGGER.*

*Face.* Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows him  
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel:  
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow.)  
He owes this honest Drugger, here, seven pounds,  
He has had on him, in two penny'orths of *tobacco*.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir; and he has damn'd himself three  
Terms to pay me.

*Face.* And what does he owe for *Lotium*?

*Drug.* Thirty shillings, Sir.

And for six *Syringes*.

*Sur.* Hydra of villany!

*Face.* Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

*Kaf.* I will. Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;  
And you are a pimp.

*Sur.* Why, this is madness, Sir,  
Not valour in you: I must laugh at this.

*Kaf.* It is my humour. You are a pimp, and a trig,  
And an Amadis de Gaule, or a Don Quixotte.

*Drug.* Or a knight o' the Curious Coxcomb. Do  
you see?

*Enter ANANIAS.*

*Ana.* Peace to the household.

*Kaf.* I'll keep peace for no man.

*Ana.* Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

*Kaf.* Is he the constable?

*Sub.* Peace, Ananias.

*Face.* No, Sir.

*Kaf.*

*Kaf.* Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a Whit,  
A very Tim.

*Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir?

*Kaf.* I will not.

*Ana.* What is the motive?

*Sub.* Zeal in the gentlemen,  
Against his Spanish slops.—

*Ana.* They are prophane,  
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

*Sur.* New rascals!

*Kaf.* Will you be gone, Sir?

*Ana.* Avoid Satan.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride,  
About thy neck, betrays thee: and is the same  
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,  
Were seen to prank it with, on divers coats.  
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in the lewd hat.

*Sur.* I must give way.

*Kaf.* Be gone, Sir.

*Sur.* But I'll take a course with you.—

*Ana.* Depart, proud Spanish fiend.

*Sur.* Captain, and doctor—

[Exit Surly.]

*Ana.* Child of perdition.

*Kaf.* Hence, Sir.

Did I not quarrel bravely?

*Face.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

*Kaf.* Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

*Face.* O, you must follow, Sir, and threaten him tame,  
He'll turn again else.

*Kaf.* I'll return him then.

*Face.* Druggier, this rogue prevented us; for thee  
We had determin'd that thou should'st ha' come,  
In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he,  
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.  
Hast' brought the damask?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Face.* Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir: did you never see me play the fool?

*Face.* Thou shalt, if I can help it.

Hieronomy's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve,

[Subtle hath whispered with him this while.]



I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em. [*Exit Drug.*]

*Ana.* Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the *brethren*, and hath spies  
Upon their actions : and that this was one,  
I make no scruple. But the holy synod  
Have been in prayer and meditation for it.  
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,  
That casting of money is most lawful.

*Sub.* True ;

But here I cannot do it : if the house  
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,  
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,  
To make gold there for th' state ; never come out ;  
And then are you defeated.

*Ana.* I will tell

This to the *elders*, and the weaker *brethren*,  
That the whole company of the *separation*  
May join in humble prayer again.

*Sub.* And fasting.

*Ana.* Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind  
Rest with these walls. [*Exit Ananias.*]

*Sub.* Thanks, courteous Ananias.

*Face.* What did he come for ?

*Sub.* About casting dollars,  
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,  
A Spanish minister came here to spy,  
Against the faithful——

*Face.* I conceive. Come, Subtle,  
Thou art so down upon the least disaster ?  
How would'st thou ha' done, if I had not help'd thee out ?

*Sub.* I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.

*Face.* Who would ha' look'd it should ha' been that  
rascal Surly ?

Well, Sir,

Here's damask come to make you a suit.

*Sub.* Where's Druggier ?

*Face.* He's gone to borrow me a Spanish habit :  
I'll be the Count, now.

*Sub.* But where's the widow ?

*Face.* Within, with my Lord's sister : Madam Dol  
Is entertaining her.

*Sub.* By your favour, Face,

Now

Now she is honest, I will stand again.

*Face.* You will not offer it?

*Sub.* Why?

*Face.* Stand to your word,

Or—here comes Dol. She knows—

*Sub.* You're tyrannous still.

*Face.* Strict for my right.

*Enter Dol.*

How now, Dol? Hast told her

The Spanish Count will come?

*Dol.* Yes; but another is come

You little look'd for!

*Face.* Who's that?

*Dol.* Your master:

The master of the house.

*Sub.* How, Dol!

*Face.* She lies:

This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblings, Dorothy.

*Dol.* Look out and see.

*Sub.* Art thou in earnest!

*Dol.* 'Slight,

Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.

*Face.* 'Tis he, by this good day. [Looking out.]

*Dol.* 'Twill prove ill day

For some of us.

*Face.* We are undone, and taken.

*Dol.* Lost, I'm afraid.

*Sub.* You said he would not come

While there died one a week, within the liberties.

*Face.* No; 'twas within the walls.

*Sub.* What shall we do now, Face?

*Face.* Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.

I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,

Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the mean time,

Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,

That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll help him

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer; and then,

At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,

Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll share:

Let

Let Mamuon's brass and pewter keep the cellar :  
We'll have another time for that. [Exeunt.

## A C T V.

LOVEWIT and Neighbours.

LOVEWIT.

HAS there been such resort, say you?

1 *Nei.* Daily, Sir.

2 *Nei.* And nightly, too.

3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as Lords.

4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 *Nei.* Citizens wives, and knights, in coaches.

2 *Nei.* Yes ; and oyster-women.

1 *Nei.* Beside other gallants.

3 *Nei.* Sailors wives.

4 *Nei.* Tobacco-men.

5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico !

*Love.* What should my knave advance,  
To draw this company ? He hung out no banners  
Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen ?  
Or a huge lobster, with six claws ?

6 *Nei.* No, Sir.

3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, Sir.

*Love.* He has no gift  
Of teaching i' the nose, that e'er I knew of.  
You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure  
Of agues, or the tooth-ach ?

2 *Nei.* No such thing, Sir.

*Love.* Nor heard a drum struck, for baboons, or pup-  
pets ?

5 *Nei.* Neither, Sir.

*Love.* What device should he bring forth now ?  
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment :  
Pray heav'n he ha' not kept such open house,  
That he hath not sold my hangings, and my bedding ;  
I left him nothing else : if he have eat 'em,  
A plague o' the mouth, say I. Sure he has got  
Some bawdy pictures, to call all this gang.  
When saw you him ?

1 *Nei.*

1 *Nei.* Who, Sir, Jeremy?

2 *Nei.* Jeremy Butler?

We saw him not this month.

*Love.* How!

4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, Sir.

6 *Nei.* These six weeks, at the least.

*Love.* Yo' amaze me, neighbours!

5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,  
He's slipt away.

6 *Nei.* Pray, hear'n, he be not made away. [*He knocks.*]

*Love.* Ha! it's no time to question, then.

6 *Nei.* About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,  
As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

*Love.* This's strange, that none will answer?

Didst thou hear

A cry, say'st thou?

6 *Nei.* Yes, Sir, like unto a man

That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at  
two o'clock

Next morning.

*Love.* These be miracles, or you make 'em so!

A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,

And both you heard him cry?

3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, Sir.

*Love.* Thou art a wise fellow: give me thy hand, I  
pray thee.

What trade art thou on?

3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship.

*Love.* A smith! then lend me thy help to get this  
door open.

3 *Nei.* That I will presently, Sir; but fetch my tools.  
[*Exit.*]

1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

*Enter FACE.*

*Love.* I will.

*Face.* What mean you, Sir?

1, 2, 4 *Nei.* O, here's Jeremy!

*Face.* Good Sir, come from the door:

*Love.* Why, what's the matter?

*Face.*



*Face.* Yet farther ; you are too near yet.

*Love.* I' the name of wonder, what means the fellow ?

*Face.* The house, Sir, has been visited.

*Love.* Stand thou then farther.

*Face.* No, Sir, I had it not.

*Love.* Who had it then ? I left  
None else but thee i' the house.

*Face.* Yes, Sir, my fellow,  
The cat, that kept the buttery, had it on her  
A week before I spied it : but I got her  
Convey'd away, i' the night. And so I shut  
The house up for a month——

*Love.* How !

*Face.* Purposing then, Sir,  
T' have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,  
And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it ;  
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, Sir.

*Love.* Why, this is stranger !  
The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors  
Have still been open——

*Face.* How, Sir !

*Love.* Gallants, men and women,  
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here  
I' threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second hogs-den,  
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright !

*Face.* Sir,  
Their wisdoms will not say so !

*Love.* To-day, they speak  
Of coaches and gallants ; one in a French hood  
Went in, they tell me ; and another was seen  
In a velvet gown at the window ! divers more  
Pass in and out !

*Face.* They did pass thro' the doors then,  
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles ;  
For here, Sir, are the keys ; and here have been  
In this my pocket, now above twenty days !  
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.  
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,  
I should believe my neighbours had seen double  
Thro' the black pot, and made these apparitions !  
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks,  
And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

*Love.*

*Love.* Strange!

*Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach!

*Love.* Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, Sir: Jeremy  
Is a very honest fellow.

*Face.* Did you see me at all?

1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.

*Love.* Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

*Enter 3 Neighbours.*

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come?

1 *Nei.* O, yes; you may leave your tools.  
We were deceiv'd, he says; he has had the keys;  
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

*Nei.* Like enough.

*Love.* Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

*Face.* Surly come?

And Mammon made acquainted? they'll tell all.  
(How shall I beat them off? What shall I do!  
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.)

*Enter SURLY and MAMMON.*

*Sur.* No, Sir, he was a great physician. This,  
It was no bawdy-house: but a mere chancel.  
You knew the Lord, and his sister.

*Mam.* Nay, good Surly.

*Sur.* The happy word, *Be rich*—

*Mam.* Play not the tyrant.

*Sur.* Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.  
And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots,  
That should ha' been golden flaggons, and great wedges?

*Mam.* Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut their  
doors,

Methinks!

*Sur.* Ay, now 'tis holy-day with them.

*Mam.* Rogues,  
Cozeners, impostors, bawds.

*Face.* What mean you, Sir? [*Mam. and Sur. knock.*

*Mam.* To enter, if we can.

*Face.* Another man's house?

Here is the owner, Sir. Turn you to him,

And

And speak your business.

*Mam.* Are you, Sir, the owner?

*Love.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* And are those knaves within your cheaters?

*Love.* What knaves? What cheaters?

*Mam.* Subtle, and his Lungs.

*Face.* The gentleman is distracted, Sir. No lungs  
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, Sir,  
Within these doors, upon my word.

*Sur.* Your word,  
Groom arrogant?

*Face.* Yes, Sir, I am the house-keeper,  
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

*Sur.* This's a new Face.

*Face.* You do mistake the house; Sir!  
What sign was't at?

*Sur.* You rascal! This is one  
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,  
And force the door.

*Love.* 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

*Sur.* No, Sir, we'll come with warrant.

*Mam.* Ay, and then  
We shall ha' your doors open.

*Love.* What means this?

*Face.* I cannot tell, Sir.

*Nai.* These are two o' the gallants,  
That we do think we saw.

*Face.* Two of the-fools!  
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,  
I think the moon has cras'd 'em all! (O me,  
The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,  
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)

*Enter KASTRIL.*

*Kasf.* What, rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the  
door anon. [*Kastril knocks.*]  
Punk, cockatrice, my suster. By this light  
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore,  
To keep your castle —

*Face.* Who would you speak with, Sir!

*Kasf.* The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,  
And puffs my suster.

*Love.* This is something, sure !

*Face.* Upon my trust, the doors were never open, Sir.

*Kaf.* I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,  
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.

*Love.* Here comes another.

*Face.* Ananias too !

And his Pastor !

*Enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.*

*Tri.* The doors are shut against us.

*[They beat too at the door.]*

*Ana.* Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire,  
Your stench is broke forth : Abomination  
Is in the house.

*Kaf.* Ay, my suster's there.

*Ana.* The place,

It is become a cage of unclean birds.

*Kaf.* Yes, I will fetch the scavanger, and the constable.

*Tri.* You shall do well.

*Ana.* We'll join to weed them out.

*Kaf.* You will not come then ? Punk device, my suster !

*Ana.* Call her not sifter. She's a harlot, verily.

*Kaf.* I'll raise the street.

*Love.* Good gentlemen, a word.

*Ana.* Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

*Love.* The world's turn'd *Bet'lem*.

*Face.* These are all broke loose,

Out of St Katharine's, where they use to keep  
The better sort of mad folks.

1 *Nei.* All these persons

We saw go in and out here.

2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

3 *Nei.* These were the parties.

*Face.* Peace, you drunkards : Sir,

I wonder at it ! Please you to give me leave  
To touch the door, I'll try an' the lock be chang'd.

*Love.* It 'mazes me !

*Face.* Good faith, Sir, I believe

There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.

Would I could get him away. *[Dapper cries out within.]*

*Dap.* Master Captain, Master Doctor.

*Love.* Who's that ?

G

*Face.*



*Face.* (Our clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.

*Dap.* For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

*Face.* Ha!

Illusions, some spirit o' the air! (his gag is melted,  
And now he sets out the throat.)

*Dap.* I'm almost stifled——

*Face.* (Would you were altogether)

*Love.* 'Tis i' the house.

Ha! lift.

*Face.* Believe it, Sir, i'the air!

*Love.* Peace, you——

*Dap.* Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

*Sub.* You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

*Face.* Or you will else, you rogue.

*Love.* O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!

Come Sir, no more o' your tricks, good Jeremy,  
The truth's the shortest way.

*Face.* Dismiss this rabble, Sir.

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

*Love.* Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir,  
You know that I am an indulgent master:  
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,  
To draw so many several ferts of wild fowl?

*Face.* Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:  
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the street,)  
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,  
And only pardon me th' abuse of your house:  
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,  
In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,  
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.  
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak.  
I have her within. You need not fear the house,  
It was not visited.

*Love.* But by me, who came  
Sooner than you expected.

*Face.* It is true, Sir.

Pray you forgive me.

*Love.* Let's see your widow.

[*Exeunt.*  
*Enter*

*Enter* SUBTLE, DAPPER, and DOL.

*Sub.* How! ha' you eaten your gag!

*Dap.* Yes, faith, it crumbled  
Away i' my mouth.

*Sub.* You ha' spoil'd all then.

*Dap.* No!

I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

*Sub.* Your aunt's a gracious lady; but, in troth,  
You were to blame.

*Dap.* The fume did overcome me,  
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you,  
So satisfy her Grace.

*Enter* FACE.

*Face.* How now! Is his mouth down?

*Sub.* Ay! he has spoken!

*Face.* (A pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's un-  
done then.

(I have been fain to say, the house is haunted  
With spirits to keep Churle back.)

*Sub.* And hast thou done it?

*Face.* Sure, for this night.

*Sub.* Why, then triumph and sing  
Of Face so famous, the precious king  
Of present wits.

*Face.* Did you not hear the coil  
About the door?

*Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.

*Face.* Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:  
I'll send her to you. [*Exeunt* Dap. and Sub.]

Druggier is at the door; go take his suit,

And bid him fetch a parson, presently:

Say, he shall marry the widow. 'Thou shalt spend  
A hundred pound by the service! Now, Queen Dol,  
Ha' you pack'd up all?

*Dol.* Yes.

*Face.* And how do you like  
The lady Pliant?

*Dol.* A good dull innocent.

*Enter* SUBTLE.

*Sub.* Here's your Hieronimo's cloke and hat.

*Face.* Give me 'em.

*Sub.* And the ruff too!

*Face.* Yes; I'll come to you presently.

*Sub.* Now he is gone about his project, Dol,  
I told you of, for the widow.

*Dol.* 'Tis direct  
Against our articles.

*Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, wench.  
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets?

*Dol.* No, but I will do't.

*Sub.* Soon at night, my Dolly,  
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,  
East-ward for Ratcliff; we will turn our course  
To Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word,  
And take our leaves of this o'erweening rascal,  
This peremptory Face.

*Dol.* Content; I'm weary of him.

*Sub.* We'll tickle it at the Pigeons,  
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,  
And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine and mine.  
[*They kiss.*]

*Enter* FACE.

*Face.* What now, a-billing!

*Sub.* Yes, a little exalted  
In the good passage of our stock affairs.

*Face.* Druggier has brought his parson; take him in,  
Subtle,  
And send Nab back again to wash his face.

*Sub.* I will: and shave himself. [Exit.

*Face.* If you can get him.

*Dol.* You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is?

*Face.* A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pounds a month  
by.  
Is he gone?

*Enter* SUBTLE.

*Sub.* The chaplain waits you i' the hall, Sir.

*Face.* I'll go bestow him. [Exit.  
*Dol.*

*Dol.* He'll now marry her, instantly.

*Sub.* He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,  
Cozen her all thou canst. To deceive him  
Is no deceit, but justice that would break  
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

*Dol.* Let me alone to fit him.

*Enter FACE.*

*Face.* Come, my 'venturers,  
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the trunks? Bring forth.

*Sub.* Here.

*Face.* Let us see 'em. Where's the money?

*Sub.* Here.

*Face.* The *brethrens* money, this. Drugger's and  
Dapper's, in this.

Mammon's ten pounds : eight score before.

Where be the French petticoats,  
And girdles, and hangers?

*Sub.* Here i' the trunk,  
And the bolts of lawn.

*Face.* Is Drugger's damask there?

*Sub.* Yes.

*Face.* Give me the keys.

*Dol.* Why you the keys!

*Sub.* No matter, Dol: because  
We shall not open 'em, before he comes.

*Face.* 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed :  
Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, Dol.

*Dol.* No!

*Face.* No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my ma-  
ster

Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em ;

Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures :

I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,

Both he, and she, be satisfy'd : for here

Determines the *indenture tripartite*,

'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do

Is to help you over the wall, o' the back side ;

Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.

Here will be officers presently ; bethink you

Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock :



For thither you'll come else. Hark you, thunder!

[*Some knock.*]

*Sub.* You are a precious fiend!

*Off.* Open the door!

*Face.* Dol, I am sorry for thee, i'faith. But hear'st thou?  
It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:  
Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistress Amo.

*Dol.* Hang you——

*Face.* Or Madam Cæsarean.

*Dol.* Pox upon you, rogue:  
Would I had but time to beat thee.

[*Ex. Dol.*]

*Face.* Subtle,  
Let's know where you set up next: I'll send you  
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:  
What new course ha' you?

[*Exit.*]

*Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang myself,  
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,  
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed, and the buttery.

*Lovewit above.* Enter OFFICERS, MAMMON, SURLY,  
FACE, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, and TRIBULATION.

What do you mean, my masters?

*Mam.* Open your door,  
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

*Off.* Or we'll break it open.

*Love.* What warrant have you?

*Off.* Warrant enough, Sir, *doubt not.*

*Love.* Is there an officer there?

*Off.* Yes, two or three for failing.

*Love.* Have but patience,  
And I will open it straight.

*Face.* Sir, ha' you done?  
Is it a marriage? perfect?

*Love.* Yes, my brain.

*Face.* Off with your ruff, and cloke then; be your-  
self, Sir.

*Sur.* Down with the door.

*Kas.* 'Slight, ding it open.

*Love.* Hold,  
Hold, gentlemen; what means this violence?

*Mam.*

*Mam.* Where is this collier?

*Sur.* And my Captain Face?

*Mam.* These day-owls?

*Sur.* That are birding in mens purses.

*Mam.* Madam Suppository?

*Kaf.* Doxey, my suster?

*Ana.* Locusts of the foul pit.

*Tri.* Prophane as Bell and the Dragon.

*Ana.* Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

*Love.* Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,  
And cannot stay this violence!

*Off.* Keep the peace.

*Love.* Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you  
seek?

*Mam.* The chymical cozeners.

*Sur.* And the Captain Pander.

*Kaf.* The nun, my suster.

*Mam.* Madam Rabbi.

*Ana.* Scorpions and caterpillars.

*Love.* Fewer at once, I pray you.

*Off.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,  
By virtue of my staff——

*Ana.* They are the vessels  
Of pride, lust, and the cart.

*Love.* Good zeal, lie still  
A little while.

*Tri.* Peace, Deacon Ananias.

*Love.* The house is mine here, and the doors are open:  
If there be any such persons you seek for,  
Use your authority;

I am but newly come to town, and finding  
This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)  
It somewhat 'maz'd me; till my man, here, (fearing  
My more displeasure) told me he had done  
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house  
To a doctor, and a captain; who, what they are,  
Or where they be, he knows not.

*Mam.* Are they gone? [*They enter.*]

*Love.* You may go in and search, Sir. Here, I find  
The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,  
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace;

The

The cieling fill'd with *poesies* of the candle :

Only one gentlewoman, I met here,

That is within, that said she was a widow —

*Kaf.* Ay, that's my sister. I'll go thump her. Where is she? [*Exit.*

*Love.* And should ha' married a Spanish Count, but he, When he came to't, neglected her so grossly, That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

*Sur.* How! have I lost her then?

*Love.* Were you the Don, Sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame yo' extremely, and says, You swore, and told her, you had ta'en the pains To dye your beard, and umbrue o'er your face, Borrowed a suit and ruff all for her love, And then did nothing. What an oversight, And want of putting forward, Sir, was this! Well fare an old marksman, yet, Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit, All in a twinkling.

*Enter MAMMON.*

*Mam.* The whole nest are fled!

*Love.* What sort of birds were they?

*Mam.* A kind of choughs, Or thievish daws, Sir, that have pick'd my purse Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five weeks, Beside my first materials: and my goods, That lie i' the cellar: which I am glad they ha' left. I may have them home yet.

*Love.* Think you so, Sir?

*Mam.* Ay.

*Love.* By order of law, Sir, but not otherwise.

*Mam.* Not mine own stuff?

*Love.* Sir, I can take no knowledge, That they are yours but by public means. If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em, Or any formal writ out of a court, That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

*Mam.* I'll rather lose 'em.

*Love.* That you shall not, Sir, By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.

What

What should they ha' been, Sir; turn'd into gold all?

*Mam.* No.

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

*Love.* What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd?

*Mam.* Not I, the commonwealth has.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach

The end o' the world, within these two months. Surly!

What! in a dream?

*Sur.* Must I needs cheat myself,

With that same foolish vice of honesty!

Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.

That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him. [*Ex.*]

*Enter ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.*

*Trib.* 'Tis well, the *saints* shall not lose all yet. Go,  
And get some carts——

*Love.* For what, my zealous friends?

*Ana.* To bear away the portion of the righteous  
Out of this den of thieves.

*Love.* What is that portion?

*Ana.* The goods, sometime the orphans, that the *brethren*

Bought with their silver pence.

*Love.* What, those i' the cellar,  
The knight Sir Mammon claims!

*Ana.* I do defy

The wicked Mammon, so do all the *brethren*.

Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience

Thou canst advance that idol against us,

That have the seal? Were not the shillings number'd

That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,

Upon the second day of the fourth week,

In the eighth month upon the table dormant,

The year of the last patience of the *saints*,

Six hundred and ten?

*Love.* Mine earnest vehement botcher,  
And *deacon* also, I cannot dispute with you;  
But if you get you not away the sooner,  
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

*Ana.* Sir!

*Trib.*



*Trib.* Be patient, Ananias.

*Ana.* I am strong,  
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,  
That threaten Gad in exile.

*Love.* I shall send you  
To Amsterdam to your cellar.

*Ana.* I will pray there,  
Against the house : may dogs defile the walls,  
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,  
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage.

[*Exe. Trib. and Ana.*

*Face.* If you get off the angry child, now, Sir —

*Kaf.* Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most  
sweetly, ha' you not? [To his sister.

Did not I say, I would never ha' your tup'd  
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?  
'Slight, you are a Mammet ! O, I could touse you, now.  
Death, mun' you marry with a pox ?

*Love.* You lie, boy ;  
As sound as you : and I'm afore-hand with you.

*Kaf.* Anon ?

*Love.* Come, will you quarrel ? I will seize you, firrah.  
Why do you not buckle to your tools ?

*Kaf.* God's light !  
This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw !

*Love.* What, do you change your copy, now ? Proceed.  
Here stands my dove ; stoop at her, if you dare.

*Kaf.* 'Slight, I must love him ! I cannot chuse, i'faith !  
And I should be hang'd for't. Sister, I protest,  
I honour thee for this match.

*Love.* O ! do you so, Sir ?

*Kaf.* Yes, an' thou canst take tobacco, and drink, old  
boy,  
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,  
Than her own state.

*Love.* Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.

*Face.* Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.

*Love.* We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.  
That master  
That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant,

In

In such a widow, and with so much wealth,  
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be  
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,  
And help his fortune, though with some small strain  
Of his own candour.

Speak for thyself, knave.

*Face.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,  
Though I am clean

Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,  
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all  
With whom I traded; yet I put myself  
On you that are my country: and this pelf,  
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests  
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

2

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



